Clothes Make the Man—Uneasy *Anne Hollander*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Martin Peretz

Mediterranean Foul-up
Stanley Karnow

Onward with Albert Shanker
Irving Howe

DICK NETZER *on* ROBERT MOSES
EZRA JACK KEATS *on* BLACK CHILDREN

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TRB

from Washington
September 7, 1974

Bad Precedent

Congress has done the easy part of Watergate, driven the self-convicted President from office and turned over the continuing criminal suits to the courts. It has washed its hands of the harder part of Watergate: what to do about the Imperial President. By doing nothing on the second it has left the situation worse than before for it has set a precedent that future generations will look to to determine what a representative cross-section of Congress will consider grounds for impeachment.

The Rodino committee justly decided (27 to 11) that a President shouldn't cover up a crime like Watergate; that he shouldn't subvert the rights of citizens by misuse of the FBI, IRS and CIA (28 to 10); and that he shouldn't reject committee subpoenas in an impeachment inquiry (21 to 17). These are impeachable offenses. But it couldn't decide that, under the circumstances, the President should be impeached for carrying on a secret four-year presidential war in a neutral country (Cambodia) and lie about it to Congress and the public. It rejected this article (IV) 12 to 26.

You and I will talk about Watergate for our lifetimes and whether Bebe Rebozo used Howard Hughes' $100,000 to help buy Mrs. Nixon's diamond earrings, but our children and grandchildren may talk about whether a President may carry on imperial foreign adventures without their knowledge under the cloak of national security and patriotism.

The loose legal ends of Watergate and the disposition of the miserable accomplices of the ousted President may go on for years. Teapot Dome, 50 years ago, hints at precedents. Harding conveniently died and the rejoicing Republicans suddenly found themselves led by Mr. Clean (Coolidge) who gave them an election landslide and a below-average administration. He won even while Sinclair and Doheny and Fall were being tried. Fall, the former Interior Secretary and bribe-taker, stayed out of jail until 1931 when he served a year, and thereafter lived in obscurity in El Paso where his wife supported the former flamboyant rancher by running a lunchroom. End Teapot Dome.

Watergate may be around for a while, too. Judge Sirica has postponed the cover-up trial of Ehrlichman-Haldeman-Mitchell to September 30. The cases being investigated by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski may have even longer legal longevity. These involve Mr. Nixon himself and his man-of-affairs, Bebe Rebozo, the Florida banker, and could give us a new sidelight on the tawdry presidency. According to depositions taken by the Senate Ervin committee either Kalmbach, the President's former personal secretary or Rebozo is lying.

Circumstantial evidence indicates that Rebozo passed unspent campaign contributions through three bank accounts on the President's behalf. The Ervin committee found that "Rebozo ordered and paid for expenses totaling over $50,000 for President Nixon during the periods following both the 1968 and 1972 presidential elections." Some money may have come from two contributions of $50,000 each, made in $100 bills, from reclusive Howard Hughes, the billionaire. It should be repeated that these charges are not proved. But committee investigators fine-toothed Rebozo's bank accounts and concluded, "Rebozo had some previously undisclosed source of currency from which he drew funds on the President's behalf." The money went into improvements on Nixon real estate. When Rebozo was subpoenaed to answer Kalmbach he left the country till the committee's life expired. Sen. Ervin turned a 31-page enumeration of conflicts in sworn evidence over to Jaworski. A local judge has just ordered Rebozo's lawyers to surrender their records. We had better wait awhile before urging amnesty for the ex-President.

These matters will be settled one way or another by the courts and they are the easy part of Watergate. We know what to do when a President doesn't pay income taxes but we don't know what to do when he bombs Cambodia. Two months after Nixon took office, in March 1969, he started the bombing of the neutral country. He didn't tell Congress or the public. He kept it up four years. The alleged justification of protecting Prince Sihanouk from embarrassment clearly ceased when Sihanouk was overthrown in March 1970. Nixon kept up the bombing as Commander-in-Chief, orchestrating the conspiracy of silence to keep the lid on the antiwar movement. The Pentagon knew it, the Cambodians knew it, the enemy knew it, the Americans didn't know it. In a TV address to the nation April 30, 1970 announcing the "incursion" into Cambodia, he said "American policy . . . has been to scrupulously respect the neutrality of the Cambodian people." This was a lie. He said, "For five years neither the US nor South Vietnam has moved against these enemy sanctuaries because we did not wish to violate the territory of a neutral nation." This was a lie. Actually 3695 B-52 sorties were flown, dropping 105,837 tons of bombs. Secretary of the Army Resor went before Congress, Gen. Earle Wheeler, Secretary of the Air Force Seamans, reporting that no bombing strikes had occurred in Cambodia. These were lies. Pentagon spokesman Jerry Friedheim distributed falsehoods to the press knowing they were falsehoods. When confronted later he said, "I knew at the time that it was wrong and I am sorry. The air force invented an elaborate system of double-booking to conceal the falsification. Former Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Gen. Wheeler later expressed horror at the falsification but stated that if the President had ordered him to falsify them, "I would have done it." The President said certain congressmen knew the secret but Sen. Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, said he was given "no indication of the massiveness of the bombing."

With Cambodia we must remember the still-unexplained worldwide military alert instituted by the White House after the firing of Archibald Cox, and the confession by Defense Secretary Schlesinger that he instituted a special watch on the US military during the President's ouster. Nightmare? Yes, but it has happened once.

James Iredell, one of the first Supreme Court justices, said "The President must certainly be punishable for giving false information to the Senate." But the Rodino committee voted, 12 to 26, against impeachment on this count. It set a precedent. Who will be the next Imperial President?

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Congress after Watergate

The Democratic-controlled Congress could learn a few things from the way its former colleague is tackling his new job. When President Ford took over the White House he asked four close friends who were experienced in the ways of the executive branch to look over the sprawling White House operation that had gotten so far out of hand in the period before Watergate. Within weeks the panel, made up of former Pennsylvania Gov. William W. Scranton, NATO Ambassador Donald M. Rumsfeld, Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton and Ford's own staff man, former Democratic Rep. John O. Marsh, was back with recommendations that the White House staff be cut back, that its duties be redefined and that the Office of Management and Budget be deprived of policymaking powers belonging to the cabinet departments and agencies.

Ford's White House review ought to inspire Congress to examine itself. The Congress, though it has yet to own up to its complicity, was for a long time a silent partner in the activities that resulted in Mr. Nixon's departure. It willingly turned over to the White House unquestioned powers in areas fuzzily defined as national security. Committees failed to watch closely executive agencies such as the Central Intelligence Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Internal Revenue Service. Most confirmation hearings on White House appointees were consciously superficial, the faulty rationale being that the President deserves to have the men he wants. When obvious wrongdoing in government was revealed—the milk scandal or even the Watergate break-in—congressional committees shied away. Legislative oversight of ongoing federal programs has declined; what watchfulness there is is determined by the whims or constituent interests of committee and subcommittee chairmen. Hearings on new legislation depend not on committee staff review and suggestions but primarily on executive branch initiative, with nongovernmental witnesses coming forward on their own from corporate and public interest lobbying organizations. Few congressional hearings are held outside Washington except when such an appearance might help a member get publicity in his home state or district. Only the previously closed-door, and still complex appropriations process has been subject to some reform in recent years—and those changes have yet to be tested.

It was not by chance that Congress had an even lower public performance rating than Mr. Nixon during his last months in office. In

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the past what Congress did that was wrong or foolish was heavily publicized by the press; the few things it did well were hardly ever covered. Of course the Senate Watergate investigation and the House Judiciary Committee's impeachment hearings, both fully televised, were exceptions—and Congress as a whole could learn something from that. Televising House and Senate floor debates could lead to a public reevaluation of Congress. It might, as the House committee hearings showed, force a better performance out of individual members.

But the immediate post-Watergate problems with Congress cannot be solved simply by getting better media coverage. The members, the committee and subcommittee chairmen and, perhaps most important, the Democratic leaders of both parties must begin to see themselves as co-equal participants in government with the President—and not just as his junior, supportive partner. For the Democrats particularly that requires some serious effort, for many are convinced their reelections hinge on ducking responsibility for the way the federal government runs while limiting their exposure to the voters to such local issues as who got a dam built. House Speaker Carl Albert and Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield appear to see their jobs as maintaining serenity by dividing their time between offering bipartisan support to national security requests of Republican Presidents and giving in to the domestic policy desires of the committee chairmen and ranking members.

If Congress wants to change things, there are some obvious places it could begin. First of all there is the simple integrity of the hearing process. Congress depends on the truthfulness of individuals. If perjury has been committed before a committee, or is suspected, the matter should not be dropped for to do that sets an example for other, future testimony. During his 1973 confirmation hearings, former Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray told less than the whole truth about a number of matters including discussions with former White House counsel John Dean, knowledge of FBI wiretapping of White House aides and newsmen and his own possession and destruction of materials from the safe of Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt. The Senate Judiciary Committee, before which Gray testified, has yet to act on the matter of Gray's faulty testimony. A Senate Appropriations subcommittee chaired by Sen. John McClellan and a House Armed Services subcommittee under Rep. Lucien Nedzi were misled by former White House aide H.R. Haldeman about the real purpose of asking the CIA to block the FBI investigation of money given the Watergate burglars. What steps have those subcommittees taken to reopen the matter?

COMING: Richard L. Strout takes on Alan Greenspan, the new chief economic adviser to President Ford

Congress could also begin to put some teeth into the watchdog process. The Watergate record is replete with instances of the CIA overstepping legal prohibitions against domestic activities. The agency's psychiatric analysis of Daniel Ellsberg and its supplying of material to E. Howard Hunt for domestic use are two examples. CIA participation in discussions that led up to the so-called 1970 Huston domestic intelligence plan is another. What further domestic activities, if any, has CIA undertaken? There are two congressional committees with CIA oversight responsibility. The Senate's, chaired by Sen. John Stennis, hardly functions—having met only once in over a year. Rep. Nedzi's House group actually has looked into some of these matters and is working to draft legislation to define more closely the limits on CIA activities. It's getting little help from its parent Armed Services Committee and obviously no help from the Senate.

The Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation supposedly looked into allegations that the Nixon White House misused IRS records but it came up with nothing. The House impeachment inquiry *did* turn up information that some wrongdoing occurred, but the facts have yet to be thoroughly aired. In the wake of these disclosures, IRS has come up with new guidelines for the handling of White House requests for tax returns and information. Even IRS Commissioner Donald Alexander, however, believes a change in the law is needed. Before agreement can be reached on a change, a committee with authority should investigate Nixon's use of the IRS so that remedying legislation can be drafted to prevent further abuses.

Another opportunity for Congress is in the area of warrantless FBI wiretapping that still goes on under the broad justification of national security in the foreign intelligence field. Since the 1940s the FBI has been authorized to undertake wiretaps without warrants. In the early 1960s, according to Nixon administration figures, taps exceeded 200 in one year. They are supposed to be approved only where a foreign power is actively sponsoring, directing or controlling an activity that is both unlawful and threatens US security. Furthermore the Attorney General is, under these self-imposed guidelines, required specifically to authorize each tap, and it must be renewed every 90 days.

The Justice Department and the FBI admit, however, that these rules were in effect when the Nixon administration, in 1969, began its two-year national security wiretap program. Of the 17 of these national security

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wiretaps known, three were placed on individuals employed by the White House who had no known connection to national security matters. Three others were continued after the persons involved left government employment and had taken positions with Democratic politicians. Four other taps involved newsmen, only one of whom was alleged to have a foreign connection. Those are not the only such wiretaps. Foreign embassies are tapped, how many and for what purposes we do not know. And thanks to a recent court case it is known that the Jewish Defense League was tapped with the strained justification that its anti-Soviet activities might lead to Soviet reprisals against US citizens in Russia.

Well before the disclosure of the 17 Nixon national security wiretaps, Sen. Gaylord Nelson was seeking to change the law to require warrants for all taps. Sen. McClellan, who previously had shown no interest in the Nelson proposal, has now agreed to hold hearings on the measure after Labor Day and come up with some legislative language early in 1975.

The promised McClellan hearings, if they are run correctly, should seriously explore past wiretapping practices. Chances are, however, they won't, for McClellan and others don't want to know what is going on.

There is still the potential practice of tapping government officials and newsmen to trace "leaks" of national security information. It would be useful to have former White House aides John Sears, James McClane and William Safire testify as to their duties at the time they were tapped; and then call H.R. Haldeman to hear why such taps were requested. There also should be some inquiry made, for example, as to why at the request of Mr. Nixon a tap was placed on CBS television correspondent Marvin Kalb. Finally John Mitchell should be heard. He has denied signing the authorizations for these taps although his signature was required on the authorizing documents. FBI Director Kelley should be asked what information from these wiretaps is circulated. In the Nixon taps, tidbits of social gossip and politics went to the White House.

With that information before them, Sen. McClellan's subcommittee would be in a better position to draft legislation.

Implementing these suggestions might help create a responsible post-Watergate Congress. Perhaps a four-man body of outsiders could come up with other fruitful ideas. John Doar, after his association with the House Judiciary Committee, must have some suggestions worth listening to since he also has had experience in the executive branch. Other thoughtful participants in the congressional process ranging from Harry McPherson, who worked in the Senate and in the White House, to Melvin Laird could offer constructive advice if the Congress wants to hear them. Now is the time for change—before lethargy and somnolence again take over.

Guaranteed Pensions

When Congress began its debate on private pensions, the question was not whether reform was needed, but how much, and how quickly. The bill passed by the Senate on August 22 and sent to the President for signing—the result of 10 years' work—is a modest step in the right direction. It will do less than people may have been led to believe. It will not bring immediate improvements for the 30 million persons said to be covered by the private system. Walter Kolodrubetz, a pension analyst for the Social Security Administration, says the short-term economic impact will be virtually nil. "The vesting and other long-term provisions won't begin having an impact for 20 years," he says. Ironically most people retiring in the next 12 months won't benefit from the law, while many newly hired young workers—who haven't given a thought to retirement—probably will. We should note, however, that one of the people who has worked for years on the bill, Michael Gordon of the Senate labor subcommittee, recently said the reform will "triple the number of employees who are entitled to vested benefits." In pension dialect, "vesting" occurs when a worker is guaranteed that he will receive some part of his pension income on retirement.

Kolodrubetz believes the immediate cost to employers won't be great because most plans already meet the standards of this bill. The only sticky problem is funding, for the law requires much more prudent handling of pension accounts, and companies are allowed up to 40 years to mortgage the cost of coming into compliance. New pension plans will have 30 years to do this. However the nuisance factor in this law is high. It requires companies to keep new records, file complex reports with the Secretaries of Labor and the Treasury and notify employees about the financing of pension funds. It's being called the "Actuaries and Consultants Full Employment Act of 1974."

The bill has been harshly criticized by Ralph Nader and Ohio State law professor Merton Bernstein for not moving rapidly to expand the benefits of the private pension system. To call the bill inadequate on these points alone is to ignore several assumptions that lie at the heart of the reform campaign. The most important of these was the belief that pensions should continue to grow as they have evolved naturally—that is, pensions should not mirror the social security system, but should be offered voluntarily and run by private industry. Overregulation, it was thought, might freeze the pension business in its present form and restrict benefits to people already covered: members of powerful unions, technical and white-collar workers. The bill's authors were cautious because an enormous amount of money is at stake (around $150 billion), and nobody knows how the industry will respond to its first taste of federal intervention. At the outset, Sens. Jacob Javits and Harrison Williams, drafters of an

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early version of the bill, decided they should not try to enact new promises, but instead try to enforce promises already made (and often broken). Thus the standards are minimal.

Although the bill passed the House and Senate almost unanimously (407 to 2 and 85 to 0), it had no strong lobby support. A Democrat who worked on the final drafting of the bill and wished not to be named described some of the backstage struggles that weakened the bill before it came to the floor. The large vote, he said, was deceptive; in reality the political support was "very weak and fragile." Big business never wanted pension reform, but about the time it had resigned itself to the bill, big labor awoke and began to grumble. Labor lobbyists began to express the same complaints that businessmen had expressed months before, and they worked to bend the legislation away from touchy areas where it might have a heavy effect on pension plans managed by unions. (The term that includes these labor funds is "multi-employer plans.") Although labor lobbyists were keen for reform of corporation plans (in the law's terminology "single-employer plans") they began to worry when they saw what the law would do to them. Their lobbying paid off. The bill contains a series of special exceptions and delays for multi-employer plans and a special clause allowing the Secretary of Labor to define what constitutes a full work year in the maritime industry. "And good luck to the Secretary of Labor," the Democrat said. Big labor was responsible for weakening the requirement for "vesting" by expanding the number of options an employer might take, and for slowing down the rate at which a worker's benefits may accrue.

If labor wasn't lobbying for workers, then the public interest advocates weren't lobbying for the public. The anonymous Democrat said that consumerists Nader and Bernstein represented nothing but their own "idealistic stupidity." "They had their vested interest too: an intellectual ego trip. The so-called public interest people, like everyone else, had their little hobbyhorses and they wouldn't get off. The battle was being fought on vesting and accrued benefits and all they wanted to talk about was portability." (A pension is said to be portable if a worker can take the retirement credit earned in one job and transfer it to a new one.) He said the public interest lobby was so out of touch with the real struggle that it had virtually no effect on the shape of the final bill. "We couldn't interest them," he said.

Despite these complaints, Congress produced a decent bill. The disclosure section is tough, some say too tough for small companies to handle all the paperwork it requires. Not only must the government be informed in duplicate about all that's done with pension funds, employees must be given a summary describing the company plan and their rights under it in plain English; they must have access to a summary of the assets, liabilities and transactions involving the fund each year, and finally they may request an annual accounting of their personal accrued benefits. Unlike earlier versions, this bill *does* guarantee retroactive credit for people who began work before the bill was passed. By 1976 each employer with a pension plan will have to choose one of three minimum formulas for vesting his workers with benefits. A worker may get a) 25 percent vesting after five years, with gradual increases up to 100 percent at 15 years, b) "rule of 45" vesting, in which he's guaranteed 50 percent of his pension when he has worked five years and his age and years of service total 45, and 100 percent vesting five years later, or c) a flat 100 percent vesting after 10 years of service. No matter which method is used, anyone who has worked under a pension plan will get at least 50 percent vesting at 10 years and 100 percent at 15 years. The company must begin counting service when the worker has been on the job one year or reaches age 25—whichever is later—with the added provision that anyone hired before 25 may get up to three years of credit when he turns 25.

There are several innovations in the bill, the most important being the creation of a federal pension insurance agency. As the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation insures savings accounts, this agency will guarantee that no matter what happens to the mother company, every worker's pension will be protected against bankruptcy up to the level of $750 a month.

Foul-up in the Mediterranean

In *A World Restored,* a book that contains many clues to his diplomatic conduct, Henry Kissinger described the challenge that confronted Metternich and Castlereagh in 1821, when the Greeks suffered atrocious reprisals after revolting against their Turkish overlords. European liberals of the period were appalled and Tsar Alexander of Russia, defender of the Greek Orthodox faith, planned action against Turkey. But Metternich and Castlereagh exerted all their influence to prevent intervention on the grounds that it would jeopardize European stability. As Kissinger put it, they insisted that "humanitarian considerations were subordinate to maintaining 'the consecrated structure' of Europe," and therefore, while they criticized the Turkish repression, they worked to preserve the social order at the expense of Greek lives. Not long afterward, however, their policy crumbled, and Greece, with British and Russian support, gained its independence.

Although history doesn't repeat itself precisely, Kissinger's handling of the present crisis in the eastern Mediterranean bears a striking resemblance to the way Metternich and Castlereagh behaved more than a

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century ago. His main objective has been to protect the power balance in the region, and, as a consequence, he has tilted toward strength. He tolerated the ouster of President Makarios of Cyprus by the Greek military junta then in control in Athens because he sought to avoid a threat to the US bases in Greece. Later, after failing to dissuade the Turks from invading Cyprus, he did little to prevent them from taking over the most important sectors of the island. But, in contrast to Metternich and Castlereagh, whose strategy endured for at least a few years, Kissinger has met with immediate setbacks that are likely to unsettle the Mediterranean for many years.

By leaning toward the Turks he has alienated the new civilian government in Athens, and Premier Constantine Karamanlis, responding to a wave of anti-American sentiment, has withdrawn Greece from military participation in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. This has not only shattered the southern flank of the NATO alliance but the current prospect is that the Greeks will close down US military facilities in their country. The most important of these are the Athenia Air Field, vital for resupplying Israel, and a missile-firing range on the island of Crete. By permitting the crisis to deteriorate, Kissinger also has brought the Greeks and Turks into conflict for the first time in years, and even though their dispute may not erupt into war, it will destabilize the area. This offers a distinct advantage to the Russians, who have long been seeking to reinforce their sway in the Mediterranean and are already advancing themselves by backing the Greeks diplomatically. Kissinger's unwillingness to step into the situation at an early stage contributed as well to the devastation of Cyprus, where hostilities have left some 200,000 people homeless and where political tensions between the Turkish and Greek Cypriots are bound to continue. The new President of Cyprus, Glafkos Clerides, warned recently that the Greek Cypriots might trigger a guerrilla war against the Turkish forces occupying the northern tier of the island. Such a war, if it erupts, would probably lead to a conflict between Greeks and Turks on the mainland and, in the process, ignite the Balkan powder keg.

Replying to criticism, Kissinger said the other day that the US cannot stop "every local war between smaller nations," and his aides argue that the Turks could not have been restrained except by the intrusion of American forces. It seems to me, however, that the US had several opportunities to influence events without running the risk of direct involvement. For example Kissinger could have sent a special emissary to Athens in late June to advise the Greek military junta against overthrowing Makarios. After the fall of Makarios, he could have issued a statement denouncing the appointment as President of Cyprus of Nicos Sampson, the thug whose elevation to power by the Athens junta convinced the Turks that invasion was their only option to head off Greek domination of the island. Kissinger could later have threatened to curb US aid to Turkey in order to compel the Turks to reach a compromise at the short-lived Geneva conference, and he could have wielded the same weapon to bar them from launching an offensive on Cyprus in the middle of August. It is possible that none of these efforts would have worked, yet they were worth trying if only to demonstrate to the world that the US is as concerned with the well-being of smaller nations as it is with peace among the big powers. In this respect the contention that America is not a global policeman lacks credibility. To treat an aggressor and a victim impartially is to side with the aggressor—which is what Kissinger did when he leaned first toward the Greek junta and later toward the Turks.

On the Washington scene, meanwhile, the fallout from the crisis may be serious. In the first place it could aggravate the differences that were already developing over other issues between Kissinger and Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, whose preoccupation with the future of NATO has led him to voice misgivings about the State Department's approach to the Mediterranean problem. At the same time numbers of Greek Americans are currently mobilizing to protest against US policy, and if they turn into a lobby as strong as that organized by the Jewish community on behalf of Israel, they will give the Ford administration a political headache. With all this, though, it appears that Kissinger has yet to learn that the world has changed since the days of Metternich and Castlereagh.

Stanley Karnow

Democrats in Disarray

Kansas City Schism

Little Rock, Ark.

The coalition of power brokers who ran the Democratic party as it suited them with precious little interference from the voters up to and through the 1968 convention served notice here August 17-18 that they're ready to gut party reforms of the last six years even if they have to drive Democrats from the party in order to get that power back. About 40 or 50 members of the charter commission—blacks, white reformers and regulars with liberal conscience—didn't like it. To halt the final gutting they took a walk during a quorum call, forcing chairman Terry Sanford to abruptly adjourn the meeting before the crucial vote.

The fracas sets the stage for a fierce fight at the charter convention in December where the gutting operation will doubtless be resumed. It shatters the facade

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of unity carefully constructed by national chairman Robert S. Strauss over the last 18 months, poisons an atmosphere in which everyone at least was talking to each other. It's post-Watergate politics at its ugliest.

Strauss himself helped lay the groundwork for what is now being called the "Sunday Afternoon Massacre." He was elected chairman in 1972 by this same collection of power brokers—that segment of the AFL-CIO that still jumps to the bark of Al Barkan, the director of COPE; Southern regulars, many of them stripped of meaningful constituencies by Wallace; the "Cold War" devotees of Scoop Jackson; and Northern machine leaders, plus the money men of that wing of the party.

The original charter commission, mandated by the 1972 convention, had been appointed by Strauss' predecessor, Jean Westwood. Prodded by Barkan, Strauss enlarged it enough to pack it with his supporters. But not everyone showed up at the meetings and, under the skillful guidance of Sanford, compromise after compromise was worked out. The basic reforms were left intact, to be institutionalized by the adoption of the charter in December.

The August meeting was to be *pro forma;* there was a split at previous meetings on three items not considered gut issues by reformers but two of which were very disturbing to Strauss, Barkan, *et al.*

Now the question was which was to be the majority and which the minority report.

To build a strong national party, the reformers pushed through planks requiring a national conference between conventions and setting up a judicial council to deal with credentials problems in advance of conventions. They'd failed to win a majority for a plank divorcing the chairman from convention politics and the presidential candidate.

They knew Strauss and Barkan were adamantly opposed to mandatory party conferences and differed with their plan to free the chairmanship from presidential politics. Southerners, in particular Wallaceites, viewed the judicial council as an oppressive vehicle.

The week before what was to be the final commission meeting prior to the Kansas City convention, the reformers discovered the commission was being restacked by Strauss' staff, which was contacting Strauss backers who hadn't been attending to suggest they resign if they couldn't go to Kansas City August 17-18. It was a classic case of overkill since all they had to do was arouse the dormant majority they already had. As one person close to Democratic National Committee politics put it, "the dumb SOB Strauss stacked a meeting he already had won." Sanford settled for calling it "inappropriate" and said he suspected Barkan was behind it.

The reform element lost on all three issues they came to vote on by top-heavy (2 and 3 to 1) majorities but that's not what distressed them. Once in Kansas City they learned the Strauss-Barkan coalition would try to rewrite an "affirmative action" plank they considered a watered-down compromise (the blacks called it "Uncle Tom language") and then go on to try to close the delegate selection process by eliminating three key rules that give activists a piece of the action.

Threats of a black walkout made labor's people nervous about fooling around with the affirmative action plank although a group of state chairmen led by New York's Joe Crangle were demanding it not apply to "all party affairs" but just to the delegate selection process, and others claimed the phrase requiring minority participation "in reasonable relationship" to their presence in the party electorate was an invitation to the hated quotas of 1972, which is what the blacks really wanted again in the end. It was agreed that four alternatives (two from each side) would be forwarded to the Kansas City convention.

Then the real gutting began. First, a provision allowing the party to "establish criteria" for participation was removed. Reformers screamed this would take the party back to the pre '64 days before Mississippi was disciplined for excluding blacks and the party could take no action against national committee members such as Bull Conner.

Finally Doris Hardesty, whose husband is a paid hand of the AFL-CIO and who was a brand new member of the commission, moved to cut the guts out of the rules. She would strike the provision for timely delegate selection processes (in the same calendar year), the requirement for a kind of proportional representation and the ban on the unit rule. Veteran reformers who remember 1968 knew it was the lack of these rules that cut them out in state after state in '68 as delegates were named by state committees picked two years earlier or, once elected, were deprived of a vote by the unit rule. It was a bid to return to the closed processes of the past. In the very wake of Watergate and greater popular demand for participation, Hodding Carter III of Mississippi accused the Strauss-Barkan forces of making a "sham" of the proceedings and assemblyman Willie Brown walked out, taking 15 or 20 others with him. Then came the quorum call, more walked out and it was over until December, unless another commission meeting is called.

As of mid-August 1200 (including 400 public officials) of the 2000-plus delegates to the Kansas City convention had been named. It's estimated they're split about evenly between liberals, moderates and conservatives although the liberals have won stunning victories in states such as Delaware, Kansas, Nebraska and Idaho while holding old strongholds in Wisconsin, Iowa, South Dakota and Oregon. Still to be named are the delegations from New York, California and Texas that between them have about 20 percent of the total. The liberals are strong in Texas this year (an estimated 40 percent of the state convention delegates). Solid victories in California and New York could put them in the ball game in Kansas City when the as-

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sembled Democratic party will decide whether it wants to keep its doors open to everybody or retreat to the days when a handful of power brokers operating within a closed process could exercise their superior wisdom in behalf of "the people."

Paul R. Wieck

Onward and Upward With Albert Shanker

Albert Shanker's elevation to the presidency of the American Federation of Teachers at its mid-August convention in Toronto was entirely predictable. Coming there with a firm delegation from the New York United Federation of Teachers, which has almost half the AFT membership, and attracting, through the sheer magnitude of his power, delegates from weaker and scattered locals elsewhere in the country, Shanker overwhelmed the previous AFT president, David Selden.

Some years ago Shanker and Selden had been friends, both stemming from the milieu of New York socialism and both devoted to building a strong union of teachers. Recently they have been fighting bitterly, in an uneven contest. Shanker has had most of the power and rather more of the skill; Selden, a lonely independence of mind. Their differences came to a head in the 1972 presidential election when Selden, together with the more progressive wing of the AFL-CIO, supported George McGovern, while Shanker, an unfailing ally of George Meany, claimed to be "neutral" in the election—though the ferocity of Shanker's contempt for new politics "kooks" in the McGovern camp seemed a far stronger passion than any distaste he may have had for Richard Nixon.

Within the New York teachers union Shanker is invulnerable. He has made the union into a force that the Board of Education, the leaders of the Democratic party, and indeed every social and political constituency in the city must take into account. He has won gains for his members. He has articulated their anxieties as beleaguered whites, beleaguered Jews in the painfully entangled fights the UFT has had with black and Puerto Rican groups centered around community school boards. He has done an impressive job in organizing paraprofessional school helpers, many of them black. He has developed a point of view, attractive to his members, that yokes together New Deal liberalism on bread-and-butter issues, plebeian or lower-middle-class conservatism about social problems (educational reform, urban political machines, counterculture, etc.), and a blinkered hostility toward most expressions of urban insurgency. This outlook is shared by many union leaders, indeed many union members, and finds an intellectual rationale in the increasingly conservative pages of *Commentary*.

Shanker's unquestioned authority in the UFT rests partly on his own talents, partly on the "inevitable" tendency for power in trade unions to accumulate at the top. It also rests on the highly centralized structure of the UFT, which has some points of similarity with Leninist "democratic centralism" and the methods of the ruling party in Mexico.

Shanker has built up a faction in the UFT called the Unity Caucus, which wins all the elections, takes all the major posts and exerts tight discipline over its members (a few were dropped from the caucus for having supported publicly a proposal that the union take a position opposing the Vietnam war). At union elections officers are chosen by slate voting—the winner takes all, and the winner is Al. As a result the UFT is actually ruled by a small society of officeholders who find it in their common interest to follow the line of the Unity Caucus (within which Shanker is, of course, a decisive voice). All this reminds one then of Mexico, where the rules of democracy are more or less adhered to, but where the power of the ruling party is so overwhelming that there is little possibility of democratic contention. You can speak freely enough in the UFT against Shanker, but you have little chance to upset the hierarchy he has established.

Within the AFL-CIO Shanker has met some opposition. When Meany proposed him some months ago for membership in the AFL-CIO Executive Council, eight of the 26 members committed the almost unheard-of scandal of voting against the head man. Why Shanker creates uneasiness among the union brass isn't always clear. Some old-line leaders apparently distrusted him as "an intellectual." Some felt that his attack upon Selden was not the sort of thing they cared to encourage (it might set an unhappy example for secondary leaders in other unions). And some, like Jerry Wurf and Victor Gotbaum, leaders of the State, County and Municipal Workers, had quarreled with Shanker because he had tried to raid their New York District 37, and also perhaps because they saw him as a sophisticated spokesman for the kind of unionism that had found it morally appropriate to be "neutral" when the country had to choose between McGovern and Nixon. In any case Shanker now seems on the way to becoming an important figure at the top levels of the AFL-CIO.

He is a rather unusual kind of union leader. Bright, talented, serious, he shows intellectual inclinations—indeed some traits, both the better and the worse, of an ideologue. But he is also publicly rigid, abrasive and strongly disliked among segments of the New York minority population, as well as among younger people in the Democratic reform community. At some points Shanker has shown an awareness that he ought to try improving his relations with academic liberals,

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independent journalists, urban reformers and minority constituencies; but so far he has done little about it. The devastating one-liner in Woody Allen's movie *Sleeper*—Woody explains how the world blew up: someone gave the atom bomb to a fellow named Shanker—is more than a personal or gratuitous thrust.

Shanker has built up his power in close relationship with a small political group whose leader, until he died two years ago, was Max Shachtman, himself a brilliant ideologue who had made a long, long journey from Trotskyism to right-wing social democracy. This group, which seems to be recapitulating the history of an ex-Communist sect led by Jay Lovestone a few decades ago, is committed to Cold War politics, the candidacy of Scoop Jackson and the virtues of George Meany. At first shamefaced, but later open in its support of the Vietnam war, it blends the cohesiveness of Bolshevik organization with the style and politics of conservative "laborism." It cooperates with the established powers in the Democratic party, serving as polemicists against reformers and insurgents; it works selflessly within the AFL-CIO, where it provides speechwriting and other services for old-line leaders and specializes in attacks on deviants within the ranks. Its relationship to socialism, or any sort of radicalism, is mostly that of memory and rhetoric; what really charges up its soul is the world outlook of George Meany and Jay Lovestone.

For making it in the union hierarchy this outlook could hardly be bettered—it tastes like honey on the tongues of leaders who are delighted to find a few young people eager to defend them. But precisely insofar as such opinions and styles have enabled Al Shanker to move ahead within the union movement, they also limit his appeal among the kinds of people, including a substantial minority of unionists, who were enthusiastic supporters of Eugene McCarthy and George McGovern (not, after all, an insignificant group within either the Democratic party or the American liberal constituency).

If a liberal coalition is to be reconstituted for 1976, it will surely be necessary to work out some arrangement, however partial, between the kinds of people who admire Al Shanker and the kinds who gave their hearts, in certain defeat, to David Selden. At the peak of his triumph, Shanker ought to consider the idea of shaking off some of the ideological rigidity and hard-bitten tone of his political friends. After all, if Jerry Ford can say a conditional word for amnesty at a VFW convention, Al Shanker might now move a little beyond those fixed positions that have given rise to the unhappy label of "Shankerism." He could even find it intellectually ventilating.

Irving Howe

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The Unmasking of a President

Nixon Postscript

by John Osborne

Here are some afternotes on the final phase of Richard Nixon's presidency—a postscript, if you will, to "The Last Nixon Watch" in this journal's August 24 issue.

The disastrous potential of the June 23, 1972 tapes that completed the destruction of the Nixon presidency was sensed by though not known in precise detail to some of the President's attorneys last May and June. President Nixon listened in early May to the June 23 tapes and a few others that had been subpoenaed by Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski. After hearing them, Mr. Nixon ordered special White House counsel James D. St. Clair to cancel an informal deal that he had made with Jaworski and federal Judge John Sirica for partial delivery of material on the subpoenaed tapes. Both the subsequent appeal of Judge Sirica's order that the tapes and related documents be surrendered to him for delivery in their relevant portions to Jaworski and the Supreme Court decision on July 24 that Sirica's order was valid and had to be obeyed flowed from the President's attempt to withhold the subpoenaed tapes. Mr. Nixon's special concern with the June 23, 1972 tapes was obvious to his attorneys, though so far as I have been able to determine they didn't know then that portions of three recorded conversations with H. R. Haldeman proved that the President had connived in and authorized an important part of the orig-

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inal Watergate cover-up—the effort to restrict FBI investigation by claiming falsely that vital CIA operations would be revealed. Chief among the 15 White House attorneys handling the President's Watergate problems at that time were St. Clair, staff counsel J. Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment, a former Nixon law partner who hoped he'd got himself free of Watergate matters after deep involvement in them during part of 1973, but never had completely escaped them. In the discussions about to be reported, I am certain only of Buzhardt's participation and assume that St. Clair and Garment were also involved to varying extents. The known circumstances suggest that Garment was much less involved than St. Clair and Buzhardt were.

Before the Sirica order to surrender the subpoenaed tapes and documents, including the June 23, 1972 tapes, was appealed to the Supreme Court, President Nixon was advised that there was a legal way to "moot"—that is to kill—both the Jaworski subpoena and the Watergate case that had brought on and justified the subpoena. This was the case in which Haldeman, former Attorney General John N. Mitchell, former senior adviser John D. Ehrlichman, former White House lawyer and adviser Charles Colson and three other sometime Nixon associates had been indicted. Jaworski justified his subpoena entirely on the ground that information in the demanded tapes and documents might bear upon the innocence or guilt of the indicted defendants and that a fair trial would be impossible without access to the tapes and documents. Buzhardt and (I believe but don't know) other White House lawyers advised Mr. Nixon that he could vitiate the subpoena that so obviously and deeply troubled him by pardoning the defendants. As a lawyer Mr. Nixon presumably didn't have to be reminded that the presidential pardoning power is not limited to convicted persons. It can in theory extend even to persons who had not been charged before the pardon setting forth the charge was issued. The presumption that the President knew this is quite a presumption, incidentally; Mr. Nixon's ignorance of elemental criminal law was extraordinary even for an attorney who had engaged principally in civil practice and it continually astounded his White House attorneys after the Watergate cases began to develop. The attorney (or attorneys) who advised the troubled President that he could banish this particular trouble with pardons offered two other pieces of advice. They were that the President had better pardon himself, while he was about it, and resign. He was forewarned that the storm that pardoning the Watergate defendants would arouse, even if he didn't pardon himself, would be so fierce that he'd have to resign eventually. In this context he was told that he might as well prepare to resign immediately. Aware though he was of the danger buried in the June 23 tapes, Mr. Nixon was in no mood to resign and he rejected the advice. Here it must be noted that "advice" may be an inaccurate term. It may be fairer to say that the course outlined above was presented to the President as one of the options open to him, but was not pressed upon him. It was one of the alternatives to risking the adverse appellate decision and compulsory order to surrender the tapes that he brought upon himself.

Some serious discussion of Mr. Nixon's personal and prospective Watergate problems, the Jaworski subpoena aside, occurred at the White House in the months preceding his downfall. Whether these discussions involved the President in person, and whether the consensus developed during the discussions was reported to him, are unknown. Attorney General William B. Saxbe says that he wasn't involved or consulted. Jaworski indicated on the night that Mr. Nixon announced his intention to resign that the Special Prosecutor and his office had not been involved. The interesting fact remains that such discussions occurred at the White House. They indicated an awareness of the President's possible if not likely involvement in criminal charges at a time when he and his spokesmen, notably including James St. Clair, were declaring his innocence of any criminal action or involvement.

The discussions in question began with and rested upon the proposition that a President may pardon a person before the person has been formally charged with anything. The person principally figuring in the discussions was President Nixon. The consensus developed in the discussions was, roughly, that Mr. Nixon *could* pardon himself. He *could* save himself from direct accusation by pardoning certain of the Watergate defendants who had variously been indicted, pleaded guilty or been convicted. Weaving through the White House discussions was the thought that the Watergate pardons might be made palatable to the public, or at least rendered tolerable, if they were somehow linked with amnesty for Vietnam deserters and draft dodgers. This thought continued to permeate discussion, public and private, of the subject after Mr. Nixon resigned. The discussions reported here, however, preceded the resignation by weeks and months and foundered upon a quandary that nobody participating in them could resolve. The quandary was where to stop with the Watergate pardons. Should they include such as Jeb Magruder, John Dean, Charles Colson, Howard Hunt, Egil Krogh, Herbert Porter who had pleaded guilty and, in some instances, had served their bargained time? Most troublesome of all, should the pardons include former Nixon supporter, counsellor and Treasury Secretary John B. Connally, who had been indicted but not tried in a milk bribe case that was only remotely related to Watergate in its broadest meaning? The consensus was that there was no feasible way to foreclose Mr. Nixon's prospective court problems by use of the pardoning power. Not,

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anyhow, while the President was Mr. Nixon. So far as I know White House discussion of this subject has lapsed since Gerald Ford became the President. The only evidence to the contrary—and it need not be connected with Mr. Nixon's problems—is that President Ford proposed a limited and vaguely defined degree of amnesty for Vietnam evaders on August 19.

In my August 24 report, I wrote that James St. Clair knew when he announced President Nixon's compliance with the Supreme Court's July 24 tapes decision that Fred Buzhardt had listened to the June 1972 tapes in Washington that day and had reported to the San Clemente White House, where St. Clair was, that the Watergate portions would finish the President when they became known. Did St. Clair fully believe what he'd been told, or did he have to be convinced and really shaken after he got back to Washington and listened to the tapes for himself? On Thursday night July 25, St. Clair flew to Washington on an Air Force Jetstar transport with his wife and Communications Director Ken Clawson. Clawson, the organizer and coordinator of Mr. Nixon's public relations defense, reminded St. Clair that he was to appear the following Sunday on ABC's television program, "Issues and Answers." St. Clair told Clawson to cancel it. Clawson told St. Clair that the President had approved the commitment and wanted St. Clair to fulfill it. St. Clair said that if the President insisted on it, he'd have to get himself a new lawyer. The appearance was cancelled. This is the only authenticated instance I know of in which St. Clair made such a threat. I believe the White House story that on related issues—publishing the fatal transcripts, resignation itself—the President had to be persuaded but not pressured in explicit and threatening terms.

Clawson was one of four people in positions of influence at the White House who opposed resignation to the very last and argued that Mr. Nixon should fight impeachment through to Senate trial and what by then was recognized to be certain conviction and removal. According to Clawson and assistants who verify his story, the other three diehards were Julie Nixon Eisenhower; Rose Mary Woods, Mr. Nixon's confidential secretary and executive assistant; and Bruce Herschensohn, a staff publicist who coordinated and sought the support of unofficial groups.

For readers who are interested in how this strangest of presidencies worked at the end, here are some additional and previously unreported details of the Sunday staff meeting at Camp David that preceded the publication of the June 1972 transcripts on Monday, August 5. As was indicated but not stated as clearly as it should have been in my August 24 report, there was no "Camp David meeting" with the President in a meaningful sense. General Alexander Haig, Mr. Nixon's (and now President Ford's) staff chief, brought four people to Camp David with him on that Sunday: St. Clair, staff writer Raymond K. Price, Jr., staff consultant Patrick Buchanan and Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler. Only two of these five, Haig and Ziegler, met and talked with the President and he saw them separately. Mr. Nixon having already decided to publish the transcripts before Judge Sirica, Jaworski or the House Judiciary Committee could, the only issue in effective discussion was whether and when to commit the President to resignation. Buchanan on Friday told the President, through an intermediary, that after reading the Watergate references in the transcripts he, Buchanan, believed that Mr. Nixon had to resign. Buchanan asked Haig on Saturday whether the President had received and noted this advice, and Haig said he had. St. Clair briefly offered and quickly dropped a suggestion at Camp David that the President announce his intention to resign in a statement to be drafted by Price and issued the next day with the June 23 transcripts. Haig told St. Clair, Price and Buchanan that he told the President that the four believed resignation was inevitable and advised Mr. Nixon to reconcile himself to it. But, Haig said he said to the President on the four's behalf, don't act upon our advice; await the impact of the transcripts to be published on Monday afternoon. Then, Haig said he told the President, he could no longer doubt that Haig, St. Clair, Price and Buchanan were right. He couldn't and didn't, for long. Some of the others at Camp David said that Ziegler in his discussions with them neither opposed nor advocated resignation. He desperately sought alternatives to it and got none from his four companions. What Ziegler said to Mr. Nixon at Camp David is unknown. A senior White House assistant who participated importantly in later discussions and does not admire Ziegler said that Ziegler came down for resignation and helped to divert Mr. Nixon from the crazy impulse to fight on, to an end that could have been disastrous for the country.

Mr. Nixon came near to doing that. His erratic behavior in the final days and hours, coupled with some aspects of his behavior during his presidency, convinced the assistant who has just been quoted about Ziegler that the President was mentally ill and had been for many years. This opinion was impressive because it came from a man whose friendship with and loyalty to Mr. Nixon predate the Nixon presidency. About nine hours before Mr. Nixon announced his decision to resign, after having made and revoked and resumed it during the previous 24 hours, I showed this assistant a letter that I had received from Mrs. A. Perry Phillips of Columbia, Missouri. She urged me to consult the late Dr. Karen Horney's *Neurosis and Human Growth*, a famous study of neuroses short of what is commonly considered to be insanity, and said that I would find in it explanations of "the ambiguities, contradictions, and irrationalities" that seemed to her to have marked President Nixon's career. The assistant glanced at the letter, remarked that he was familiar

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with Dr. Horney's book, and said in a voice torn with pain, "Of course, that is exactly it." Others were less explicit. Seven days before Nixon announced his resignation, Patrick Buchanan—who was to see the decisive transcripts within 12 hours—said that he could imagine the President resigning only in one of his "moody moments" when, Buchanan implied, Mr. Nixon could act irrationally. A Nixon lawyer who probably has seen more evidence of Mr. Nixon's odd attitudes and actions in the past two years than anyone else in his service would in the recent past have thrown anybody who questioned President Nixon's basic stability out of his office. When this lawyer was asked after Mr. Nixon quit and departed for California whether he'd noted anything recently and during his time at the White House that led him to worry about his President's mental condition, he answered: "Mr. Nixon is a very complex man. Who among us would measure up completely to anybody's particular definition of sanity?"

Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger confirmed reports that he had taken care that no improper orders from the White House were conveyed to or carried out by US military forces during the last days of Richard Nixon's agony. Let this be said. Richard Nixon in his presidency never misused the authority of the Commander-in-Chief in the fashion implied in these reports. The reports were interesting indicators of anxieties that did prevail in the final fortnight. The fact is that, in contradiction of these anxieties, Mr. Nixon had the guts and sense to resign when he did and as he did.

Scarcity in the Marketplace of Ideas

Ford and the Democrats' Future

by Martin Peretz

Gloom has descended over the Democratic party; and not even the combination of double-digit inflation and a crumbling stock market seems likely to relieve the frustration of those who only weeks ago were tasting victories just around the corner and extending all the way through 1976.

While there had been much talk in Washington of President Nixon's resignation, the Democrats had not expected quite so sudden an end to his long good-bye. Rather they had counted on his festering presence to afflict the Republicans at least till November. With luck, then, Democratic strategists reasoned, whether convicted by the Senate or not, Nixon could have become the Hoover of our time, the hapless target functioning as a surrogate for genuine issues.

The scene will not play: Gerald Ford's first two weeks have neutralized the Republican scandal, not least of all because the culprit had finally been cast out, and the authentic middle American ascendancy ensured by Republican congressional leadership.

It had become common for even the most vapid Democrats to make light of Ford's brainpower. But the disdainful picture of Ford attributed to Lyndon Johnson (that Ford had played football without a helmet, that he couldn't walk and chew gum at the same time) is not confirmed by the evidence of his first acts in the White House. To be sure the President is not assembling a terribly distinguished supporting cast. And while he is accepting the resignations of various Nixon footmen, he is retaining the economic adviser from his predecessor's most desperate last hours, Alan Greenspan, who may still believe both in the virtue of selfishness and in the "hidden hand" as arbiter of history. As for appointments, however, there are encouraging signs, at least encouraging rumors. Were Ford to give responsible positions to a few independent Democrats, he would move a long way toward building a government of significant national reconciliation. And were he, for example, to appoint as Attorney General his old friend, Charles Goodell, who has made a fine record as a civil libertarian, the President would be giving concrete assurance that constitutional restraints on the executive will be respected in the post-Nixon era.

Notwithstanding such unfortunate early personnel choices as he actually has made, the President's other first political moves have been shrewd ones. Even the workout he has imposed on God in his speeches has not entirely rung false, though in contrast to Nixon nothing would. In any case the President has been patching relationships with hostile constituencies, *e.g.*

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labor, blacks and organized women. Who would have believed that a few clichés about equal rights would earn him the smiles of Shirley Chisholm and Bella Abzug? He even has scored a triumph by risking estrangement with old friends by raising the subject of amnesty before the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

The designation of Nelson Rockefeller as Vice President, everyone agrees, has immeasurably enhanced the potential of the Ford presidency. Moreover it has so panicked the Democrats that enormous funds and energies will be spent to find out whether it is three or four or five hundred million dollars that this particular Rockefeller has to his name. The scrutiny of Rockefeller will not likely be what it could be—an inquiry into the fundamental dynamics (and ethics) of accumulating colossal wealth. As it happens, then, no one will be surprised to learn Rockefeller is as rich as Croesus, and that this latter-day Croesus owns more oil than gold and, in partnership with others, perhaps a small country or two. Curiosity about the rich will account for some of this attention. The new orthodoxy about the public's right to know absolutely everything including the very private and the trivial will be part of the confirmation process too. The Democrats will be trying to keep Rockefeller tied up in hearings and off the campaign hustings, and they have a plausible way to do just that, which is to play to the assumed voyeuristic impulses of the public.

This was, but for Nixon's retirement, to have been the year of a Democratic sweep. Instead many "precarious" Republican seats are now barely vulnerable and "safe" Democratic seats have become marginal. Even Sen. McGovern may be retired by the voters of South Dakota; apparently no crime associated with Nixon will raise people's estimation of his opponent.

In the end, of course, both houses of Congress will be organized by Democratic majorities—no imaginable change in Republican fortunes could affect that arithmetic. But on what program for the country will the Democrats try to write a record they can run with two years from now? Watergate may turn out to have been more of a disaster for them than it was for the GOP. Democrats used Watergate as an alibi for their inability to develop anything more than haphazard criticisms of administration policies. Endlessly they mused about candidacies, electoral angles, untoward alliances—with Wallace even. In the end always, there was the paralyzing prospect of the equivocating Kennedy to whom even the most ambitious seem to defer as if he had some seigneurial claim to the nomination.

The nomination, however, no longer seems so coveted a prize. To be condemned to lead a divided party against Ford and Rockefeller is hardly enviable. One wag has suggested that Sen. Kennedy be obliged, nonetheless, to be the nominee in 1976. Otherwise, the argument goes, he will play the same role in 1980 as he has since 1972, warding off possible contenders, foreclosing the options of others on the grounds that he may choose to exercise his own. Nor is this capacity to exclude chimerical: Kennedy may not be able to anoint anyone else but he can, through those still in his service and in the lingering service of his brothers, veto the chances of anyone else.

This is not a healthy situation for any party, which is why, even Chappaquiddick aside—and it's a very big aside—more and more Democrats seem inclined to ask Kennedy to forswear the presidency and let the party go free. Since the 1976 election will not go by default, it may be that only then would the atmosphere in the party be hospitable to the ambitions of others, to a real contest. If this were so, there would also be some incentives for various aspirants to stake out positions and devise policies. It is more than doubtful, however, that Kennedy will soon satisfy the desire of those who still only whisper against him in the corridors that he abjure the presumed goal of his career. Whether or not additional candidacies are declared in the near future, then, the Democrats must begin to develop a critique of present policy that includes an alternative program.

Ted Kennedy's contingency plans did not inhibit at least one all-but-announced candidate. And if Henry Jackson has not yet articulated an opposition platform, he does represent opposition. Ironically though, he is the first Democrat to be undercut by the new administration. The President's pronouncements on military preparedness and the absorption of Rockefeller, who was always a hardware hawk, deny Jackson his most important single issue. Since Ford will be less frantic than Nixon to chalk up every possible achievement in détente, he is likely to take a stiffer stance toward the Russians; the Soviets, in fact, appear to sense that already, and the concessions they are finally making on Jewish emigration in exhange for a more favorable trade relationship may be less a tribute to Jackson's doggedness than a reflection of their awareness of Ford's toughness. Jackson's unabating challenge to Secretary Kissinger will be taken up in and around administration councils by Melvin Laird, and if Dr. Kissinger is able to maintain his influence he will have to modify his views in ways that can only leave Jackson in the lurch. Jackson can make the most of his big labor friends; but to many who might otherwise be moved by his politics, the Meany connection will link him with one of the causes of runaway inflation.

There is the Democratic National Committee as a conceivable source of ideas, or at least there was during the last Democratic exile in the Eisenhower years. But Robert Strauss has pledged his stewardship of the party to no ideas at all. For his advisory councils, he, Averell Harriman and Harry McPherson have recruited just about all of the surviving remnants of the Truman administration to bolster the middle-aged representation. Those were, after all, better days! But

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even without the trouble caused by a controversial idea or two, the party cannot keep itself together.

In the '50s the Stevenson-dominated national party was hindered somewhat in its efforts to crystallize liberal alternatives by the more conservative Texas-based congressional leadership. The *bona fides* of the present leaders are hardly more liberal, but they are not prodded at all or challenged by anyone of consequence even seeking liberal questions. They know, if even the most earnest liberal does not, that Sen. Proxmire's campaign against cost overruns is not a program to win the future. And President Ford knows that too.

The current honeymoon with Ford will not last; but if it ends in the kind of partisan bickering that has no moorings in vision, the Democrats will be serving neither themselves nor the country. To move beyond habitual roles will take imagination and courage, that rare bravery that pits a politician against the prejudices of his most loyal constituents. In taxes that might mean moving beyond the marginal mechanics of tax reforming a depressed wealth base to harshly selective excise taxes that redirect consumption and production. It would mean seeing the responsibilities of corporations to their workers and the immediate community as depending on something more than the vicissitudes of a quarterly report. This would imply also a labor policy that does not leave the unorganized to the cruelties of what seems, for the moment at least, to be a social Darwinist world. The country is, after all, poorer than it was last year and it will be still poorer next. Rife with scarcely examined consequences for domestic policy, that fact also will require basic rethinking of how we mobilize our resources in trade, in diplomacy and perhaps in war. And from whom, from which Democrats, will these thoughts come?

The Fashion Revolution

Clothes Make the Man—Uneasy

by Anne Hollander

The last decade has made a large number of men more uneasy about what to wear than they might ever have believed possible. The idea that one might agonize over whether to grow sideburns (sideburns!) or wear trousers of a radically different shape had never occurred to a whole generation. Before the mid-'60s whether to wear a tie was about the most dramatic sartorial problem: everything else was a subtle matter of surface variation. Women have been so accustomed to dealing with extreme fashion for so long that they automatically brace themselves for whatever is coming next, including their own willingness to resist or conform and all the probable masculine responses. Men in modern times have only lately felt any pressure to pay that kind of attention. All the delicate shades of significance expressed by the small range of possible alternatives used to be absorbing enough: Double- or single-breasted cut? Sports jacket and slacks or a suit? Shoes with plain or wing tip? The choices men had had to make never looked very momentous to a feminine eye accustomed to a huge range of personally acceptable possibilities, but they always had an absolute and enormous meaning in the world of men, an identifying stamp usually incomprehensible to female judgment. A hat with a tiny bit of nearly invisible feather was separated as by an ocean from a hat with none, and white-on-white shirts, almost imperceptibly complex in weave, were totally shunned by those men who favored white oxford-cloth shirts. Women might remain mystified by the ferocity with which men felt and supported these tiny differences, and perhaps they might pity such narrow sartorial vision attaching so much importance to half an inch of padding in the shoulders or an inch of trouser cuff.

But men knew how lucky they were. It was never very hard to dress the part of oneself. Even imaginative wives and mothers could eventually be trained to reject all seductive but incorrect choices with respect to tie fabric and collar shape that might connote the wrong flavor of spiritual outlook, the wrong level of education or the wrong sort of male bonding. It was a well ordered world, the double standard flourished without hindrance, and no man who stuck to the rules

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ever needed to suspect that he might look ridiculous.

Into this stable system the width-of-tie question erupted in the early '60s. Suddenly, and for the first time in centuries, the rate of change in masculine fashion accelerated with disconcerting violence, throwing a new light on all the steady old arrangements. Women looked on with secret satisfaction, as it became obvious that during the next few years men might think they could resist the changes, but they would find it impossible to ignore them. In fact to the discomfiture of many, the very look of having ignored the changes suddenly became a distinct and highly conspicuous way of dressing, and everyone ran for cover. Paying no attention whatever to nipped-in waistlines, vivid turtlenecks, long hair with sideburns and bell-bottom trousers could not guarantee any comfy anonymity, but rather stamped one as a convinced follower of the old order—thus adding three or four dangerous new meanings to all the formerly reliable signals. A look in the mirror suddenly revealed man to himself wearing his obvious chains and shackles, hopelessly unliberated.

Now that fashion is loose upon the whole male sex, many men are having to discard an old look for a new, if only to maintain the desired distance from the avant-garde, as women have always known how to do. Just after the first few spurts of creative masculine dress in the mid-'60s, like the Beatle haircut and the wide ties, daring young women began to appear in the miniskirt, and men were temporarily safe from scrutiny as those thousands of thighs came into view. The other truly momentous fashion phenomenon to arise at the same moment, the counterculture costume, established itself absolutely but almost unnoticeably among both sexes while all eyes were glued to those rising hems. In fact miniskirts were the last spectacular and successful sexist thunderbolt to be hurled by modern women, before the liberation movement began to conspire with the nature movement to prevent semi-nudity from being erotic (hot pants, rightly short lived, were too much like science fiction). Men who might have longed in adolescence for the sight of unconfined breasts were perhaps slightly disconcerted when breasts at last appeared, bouncing and swaying on the public streets in the late '60s, since they were often quite repellently presented to the accompaniment of costumes and facial expressions somehow calculated to quell the merest stirring of a lustful thought. But that was only at the beginning, of course. Since then the visible nipple has become delightfully effective under proper management.

Following bare legs, free breasts and the perverse affectation of poverty, dress suddenly became a hilarious parlor game, and men were playing too. Chains, zippers, nailheads and shiny leather were available in any sort of combination. Extremely limp, tired and stained old clothes could also be tastefully festooned on anybody who preferred those. Universal ethnic and gypsy effects, featuring extraordinary fringes and jewelry worn in unusual places, vied with general romantic and menace effects, featuring dark glasses, sinister hats and occasional black capes. In addition all the parts were interchangeable. Both sexes participated, but then finally many people got tired and felt foolish and gave it up. Men, however, had had a taste of what it could be like, and all the extreme possibilities still echoed long after the extreme practices had subsided, even in the consciousness of those who had observed and never tried to join.

During the whole trend men floundered, and still do, longing for the familiar feel of solid ground. Hoping to appease the unleashed tide with one decisive gesture, many men bought a turtleneck dress shirt and wore it uncomfortably but hopefully with a medallion on a chain, only to discover within three months that it would not do. Many a conservative minded but imaginative fellow, eager to avoid new possibilities for feeling foolish and to look at least attuned to the modern world, had expensive tailoring done in a bold and becoming new shape, hoping to stay exactly like that for the rest of his life, or at least for a few more years. He then discovered himself still handsome but hopelessly dated in a season or two. Mustaches sprouted and hastily vanished again, sideburns were cultivated and sometimes proved to grow in upsettingly silver gray. Hair, once carefully prevented from exhibiting wayward traits, was given its head. Men balding on top could daringly relish luxuriant growth around the sides, and the Allen Ginsberg phenomenon frequently occurred: a man once clean-shaven and well furred on top would compensate for a thinning poll by growing a lengthy fringe around its edges and often adding an enormous beard. The result was a sort of curious air of premature wisdom, evoking mental images of the young Walt Whitman spiced with swami. Other, more demanding solutions to the problem of thinning hair among those wishing to join the thick thatch with sideburns group required an elaborate styling of the remaining sparse growth, complete with teasing and spray and a consequent new dependence, quite equal to anything women submit to, upon the hairdressing skill of the professional, the family or the self.

Early in the game, of course, long hair for men had been just another badge. Most men had felt quite safe from any temptation to resemble those youthful and troublesome citizens who were always getting into the newspapers and the jails. Some young people, eager to maintain a low profile, had also found the hairy and ragged look an excellent disguise for masking a serious interest in studying the violin or any similar sort of heterodox concern. During all this time no one ever bothered girls about the length of *their* hair, or found any opportunity to throw them out of school for wearing crew cuts for instance. Even if

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half-inch fuzz had been the revolutionary mode for girls, they would have undoubtedly been exempt from official hassling, except possibly by their mothers. But, as it happened, the gradually evolved migrant worker, bowery bum costume worn by the armies of the young required long hair for both sexes. The very similarity of coiffure helped, paradoxically, to emphasize the difference of sex. After a while the potent influence of this important sub-fashion that was at first so easy to ridicule came steadily to bear on the general public's clothes-consciousness. The hairy heads and worn blue denim legs all got easier to take, and indeed they looked rather attractive on many of them. People became quite accustomed to having their children look as if they belonged to a foreign tribe, possibly hostile; after all under the hair it was still Tom and Kathy.

In general, men of all ages turn out not to want to give up the habit of fixing on a suitable self-image and then carefully tending it, instead of taking up all the new options. It seems too much of a strain to dress for all that complex multiple role-playing, like women. The creative use of male plumage for sexual display, after all, has had a very thin time for centuries: the whole habit became the special prerogative of certain clearly defined groups, ever since the overriding purpose of male dress had been established as that of precise identification. No stepping over the boundaries was thinkable—ruffled evening shirts were for them, not me; and the fear of the wrong associations was the strongest male emotion about clothes, not the smallest part being fear of association with the wrong sex.

The difference between men's and women's clothes used to be an easy matter from every point of view, all the more so when the same tailors made both. When long ago all elegant people wore brightly colored satin, lace and curls, nobody had any trouble sorting out the sexes or worrying whether certain small elements were sexually appropriate. So universal was the skirted female shape and the bifurcated male one that a woman in men's clothes was completely disguised (see the history of English drama), and long hair or gaudy trimmings were never the issue. It was the 19th century, which produced the look of the different sexes coming from different planets, that lasted such a very long time. It also gave men official exemption from fashion risk, and official sanction to laugh at women for perpetually incurring it.

Women apparently love the risk of course, and ignore the laughter. Men secretly hate it and dread the very possibility of a smile. Most of them find it impossible to leap backward across the traditional centuries into a comfortable renaissance zest for these dangers, since life is hard enough now anyway. Moreover along with fashion came the pitiless exposure of masculine narcissism and vanity, so long submerged and undiscussed. Men had lost the habit of having their concern with personal appearance show as blatantly as women's—the great dandies provided no continuing tradition, except perhaps among urban blacks. Men formerly free from doubt wore their new finery with colossal self-consciousness, staring covertly at everyone else to find out what the score really was about all this stuff. Soon enough the identifying compartments regrouped themselves to include the new material. High heels and platform soles, once worn by the Sun King and other cultivated gentlemen of the past, have been appropriated only by those willing to change not only their heights but their way of walking. They have been ruled out, along with the waist-length shirt opening that exposes trinkets nestling against the chest hair, by men who nevertheless find themselves willing to wear long hair and fur coats and carry handbags. Skirts, I need not add, never caught on.

What of women during the rest of this revolutionary decade? The furor over the miniskirt now seems quaint, like all furors about fashion, and the usual modifications have occurred in everybody's eyesight to make them seem quite ordinary. Trousers have a longer and more interesting history. Women only very recently learned that pants are sexy when fitted tightly over the female pelvis. When trousers were first worn by women, they were supposed to be another disturbingly attractive masculine affectation, perfectly exemplified by Marlene Dietrich doing her white tie and tails number in *Morocco*. They were also supposed to be suitable for very slim, rangy outdoor types low on sex appeal. Jokes used to fly about huge female behinds looking dreadful in pants, and those who habitually wore them had to speak loudly about their comfort and practicality. Gradually, however, it became obvious that pants look sensational, not in the least masculine, and the tighter the better. Long trousers, along with lots of hair, breasts and bareness, became sexy in their own right. Everybody promptly forgot all about how comfortable and practical they were supposed to be, since who cared when they obviously simply looked marvelous. They are in fact a great bore on slushy pavements and very hot in summer but nobody minds. Nevertheless the extremely ancient prejudice against women in trousers lingered for a very long time. Many schools forbade pants for girls even though they might wear their hair as they liked, and the same restaurants that required the male necktie prohibited the female trouser. Even in quite recent times pants still seemed to connote either excessively crude informality or slightly perverted, raunchy sex. The last decade has seen the end of all this, since those sleek housewives in TV ads who used to wear shirtdresses all wear pants now, and dignified elderly ladies at all economic levels wear them too, with crystal earrings and nice, neat handbags. After all these anxious and newsworthy borrowings, all the classes and the sexes remain as distinguishable as ever.

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The Man and the City

The Power Broker: Robert Moses and the Fall of New York by Robert A. Caro

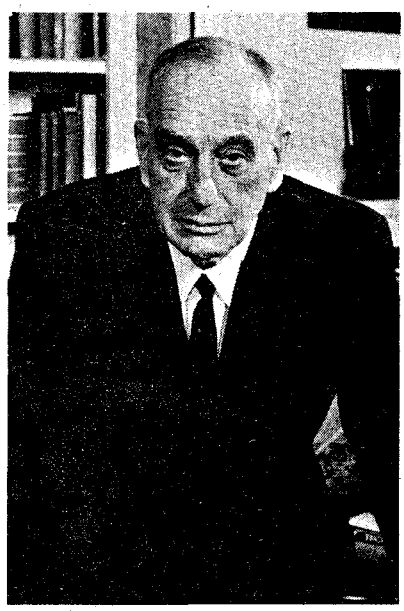
(Knopf; $17.95)

Over a 40-year period Robert Moses accumulated and used more power than any other public official in the history of the United States (Presidents aside). He was personally responsible for the design and construction of more public works than any other individual in the history of the world, but he has never had a proper biography. This is not entirely surprising, for Moses' life and times were complex and Moses himself anything but open; the record is not readily accessible.

Moses was eminently hateable and increasingly hated during his career, although enveloped in a dense fog of adulation (the leading fog producer being *The New York Times)* until the early 1960s. Caro's biography is meant to be, and is, an exposé. Exposés make for bad biography, and this is an unusually bad example of the genre. But it is fascinating reading, especially for New Yorkers. No doubt it will be widely read, has already received considerable readership because of lengthy excerpts in *The New Yorker* during the past summer.

Fortunately most people will read it for the blow-by-blow account of how the great works were built, the controversies surrounding them and the politics of New York City and State over more than half a century. Caro is at his best as a chronicler of events (although, as will be seen, there are serious problems of accuracy), describing how the battles turned out and who Moses is doing in now.

However, like most ambitious biographers, Caro tries to do more, and does so much less successfully. The major theme of the book is the personal drama of Robert Moses: how this brilliant, talented idealist became, in Caro's view—a view widely shared and supported by a good deal of evidence—a power-driven man of utmost ruthlessness, the classic story of a revolutionary becoming a monstrous despot confident in his own self-righteousness. The flaw here is not the general picture, but the way in which it is documented. Caro approaches this part of his work almost as a novelist, readily imputing motives for actions, imputations that only occasionally reflect his evidence. He finds Moses guilty of almost every sin imaginable (except personal financial enrichment), including some, like philandering, that are entirely extraneous to the major theme. The passion play even has symmetry: at the end Caro is truly sympathetic with the isolated old man, who has been defeated and replaced by a new villain, Nelson Rockefeller.



Photograph by Arnold Newman

A third element of the book, indicated by the subtitle, "Robert Moses and the Fall of New York," is Caro's analysis of public policy. Moses' policies are seen as the source of nearly everything that is wrong in New York and other large American urban areas: suburban sprawl, slums, poor public services and inadequate job opportunities in the central cities, bad public transportation, congested roads and streets, even local government fiscal difficulties. If one discounts Caro's hyperbole, the public policy analysis is the familiar and conventional liberal theology. This subject is too vast for this space; but the essence of the argument is that there should have been no large-scale highway construction following the advent of the age of mass auto ownership in the late 1920s, but rather a continuation of the massive expansion of transit facilities that occurred in the first quarter of the 20th century (in New York and a few other cities). This would have preserved the vitality of the central city and led to high-density suburban development. However the sources of urban problems are far more complex than this treatment suggests. Transportation decisions are not all-powerful, and few urban Americans would agree that the city of the streetcar, tenement and rowhouse constitutes an urban Utopia.

Caro's policy analysis includes a strange theory of the nature of power, to the effect that authoritarian power systems—like Moses' use of the public authority—are inherently more stable and enduring than democratic power systems. Recent experiences, like the swift collapse of the dictatorships in Portugal and Greece and the fall of Richard Nixon, reinforce the many historical lessons to the contrary. Moreover the swift fall of Moses in the 1960s (despite his vast accumulation of power), once voters and elected officials decided that Moses was not a saint, is itself a testimonial to the instability of authoritarian power systems.

The writing in this book is painfully bad, with no visible evidence of an editor. The breathless, slick-magazine-fiction style may be a matter of personal taste, but repetitiousness is not; Caro is mercilessly, painfully repetitious. On each and every occasion on which Moses speaks in public, we are treated to the same string of adjectives describing his manner. His strength as a swimmer is described anew in almost every other chapter. Most chapters begin with a description of an event or scene which is then repeated, at greater length (and sometimes with slightly different factual detail), later in that chapter, if not still again in subsequent chapters.

A biographer should have a command of the time and place of his subject that enables him to avoid frequent small but egregious errors of fact that make the reader distrust all the other statements of fact. Caro lacks this command. He has locomotives burning oil in 1913 but somehow converted back to coal in 1936. He loses or misplaces bridges and subway lines with abandon. He makes James II the victor of the Battle of the Boyne. He founds the Western Union Company, which built the transcontinental telegraph in the 1860s, in the

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1920s. He dates Einstein's theory of relativity a quarter-century too late. He celebrates New York City's tercentenary 290 years after its founding. This perhaps is related to his heavy reliance on the sources comfortable to investigative reporters: personal interviews (including many with "confidential sources"), other reporters, books by polemicists: to cite Lundberg as "the best analysis of banks' power" is like saying that the book H. R. Haldeman plans to write will be the best analysis of the power of the press.

Finally, to reveal my own bias, Caro's accuracy as an investigative reporter is thrown into doubt by his account, in Chapter 48, of the one episode in which I was a direct participant, John Lindsay's effort in early 1966 to merge New York City's transportation agencies. Caro relies heavily on self-serving reminiscences by the two city officials who were most reponsible for turning the inevitable defeat (due to Gov. Rockefeller's lack of support) into a humiliating debacle. They, not surprisingly, depict the rest of us as bumbling fools. We are in good company, for Caro in his late chapters portrays most prominent public officials (Rockefeller, Lindsay, Wagner, Ronan) as knaves or fools. This comes perilously close to saying that Moses was right after all.

Dick Netzer

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Poet Diplomat

A Poet's Journal by George Seferis

(Harvard University Press; $7.95)

Few countries have had as painful a time in the 20th century as Greece; no poet has expressed Greece's pain better than George Seferis. With a visceral understanding of the plight of his native land (like an "umbilical cord that connects mother and child"), Seferis' poetry never loses sight of Greece ("Wherever I travel Greece wounds me"). Bold in style, utilizing a minumum of words ("I want no more than to speak simply"), his poetry draws from a reservoir of history and mythology. Seferis is the only Greek Nobel laureate in literature (1963), so honored for his "deep feeling for the Hellenic world of culture."

But Seferis was not parochial in perspective. While rooted in the Greek soil, Seferis' vision was not limited to the Hellenic world. He was influenced by T. S. Eliot and translated a number of Eliot's works into Greek. In a letter Seferis tells how "the poetry of Eliot offered . . . something which was inevitably moving to a Greek: the elements of tragedy." Seferis' sense of the tragic pervades his poetry, tempered in intensity only by allegory: "And if I talk to you in fables and parables/it's because it's more gentle for you that way; and horror/really can't be talked about because it's alive."

It is difficult to know Seferis the man through his poetry. Despite 36 years in public service—most of them as a diplomat—Seferis was a private person. Not until the years preceding his death in 1971 did Seferis become a vocal public figure: his often quoted statement of 1969 condemning dictatorship followed by his contribution to a series of resistance anthologies placed Seferis in the public eye.

A Poet's Journal offers fresh insight into the life of Seferis. How, I wondered, could he reconcile his life as a poet with that of a diplomat serving a government whose hands were stained with Greek blood? The *Journal* shows the poet in the raw during a time that is the rawest, and in terms of human loss and suffering, the most tragic in modern Greek history. Seferis writes about the same postwar Greece—torn by civil war—that Kazantzakis so vividly portrays in *The Fratricides*, so that we understand the most frigid of Cold War history on the poet's level, see his reaction to the chaos and death that engulf him.

We know that Seferis kept a journal since age 25, and evidence indicates that he may have begun as early as age 12. With the exception of a few extracts, this six-year period (1945-1951) is the first segment to be published. However Seferis warns us that his journal "has no aspiration toward completeness. At most it is the footprints one leaves as he passes by . . . not always the most important" and interspersed with "many and great gaps."

The first half of the *Journal* is dominated by Seferis' observations of an embattled Greece. He returns to the Greek government in exile for the first time in almost four years, and is overwhelmed by the hatred and sickness permeating the "Athenian jungle": "The situation around me is unhealthy—damned, I should say—in this morass of souls and bodies to which Greece has been reduced. You think indeed that at times everything is spinning incoherently. They insult, yell, are scurrilous with constantly accelerating frenzy, and yet there's no end to it." Seferis finally finds some peace of mind on the Greek island of Poros ("This voyage is like a return to Greece") where he rests for two months and writes one of his most inspired poems, "Thrush." But the first years of his return to Greece are colored by images of death, decadence and destruction. Shaken by the present realities of postwar Greece, Seferis feels all "reason" has given way to the "irrational."

The tone of Seferis' journal becomes less desperate, more introspective in 1948 when he is assigned to the Greek Embassy at Ankara. Still the misery of a bleeding Greece cannot escape Seferis. He contemplates the catastrophic premonitions of the Greek poet Constantine Cavafy who like Seferis lived many years apart from Greece as a public functionary. And while Seferis eventually abandons Cavafy ("Cavafy, in times of stress is not strong enough to help"), he cannot forget Cavafy's warnings of trouble. Damning the present, Seferis has no illusions about finding a paradise lost. His poem "The King of Asine" (1940) tells of the "permanent despair" experienced in searching for "ancient monuments" to overcome "contemporary sorrow." His despair leads neither to nihilism nor paralyzing frustration: "no problem can be solved by marking time; you must forge ahead or break."

In Turkey Seferis is reunited with his birthplace, Smyrna. This formerly Greek-inhabited city fell to Turkish rule in 1922 following an ill-fated attempt to expand imperial Greek influence in Asia Minor. Seferis and his upper-class family were in Paris at the time, but this loss in a fresh memory for Seferis ("You still pass by the burned debris . . . And it seems only yesterday that the great ship was wrecked"). Throughout Seferis' poetry, one finds a tension between a feeling of rootedness in Greek traditions and a sense of exile from the contemporary human condition. "Seferis" is a pen name—a contracted form of his family name, Seferiades—and the etymology of "sefer" connotes journey or wanderer. The wandering Odysseus searching for his identity is an im-

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portant motif in Seferis' poetry.

A Poet's Journal reveals that the duality of Seferis' poet-diplomat existence is merely physical. More accurate is Seferis the poet inhibited by the daily routine of diplomatic duties: ". . . if I had the means (that is, only the daily bread for my wife and me) to devote myself to the work I want and know I can do—so that I wouldn't be working like a crippled man." Seferis constantly expresses disdain for "the Ministry" and feels trapped by the institution ("In the Ministry, total incarceration"). He longs for the freedom to rekindle the light of a Hellenism unblackened by history.

There seems little doubt that Seferis was a political conservative. But such a label inadequately describes the psyche of the poet. Despite his Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde life of poet-diplomat, Seferis reacted to the political by an esthetic articulation of the tragic. Furthermore Seferis' respect for the individual transcends simply analysis; it is a respect deeply imbued with classical Greek tradition ("The free man, the just man, the man who is the 'measure' of life; if there is one basic idea in Hellenism, it is this one"). Moreover Seferis' popularization among Greek resistance writers today can hardly be attributed to his politics. (Seferis' persona takes on its most paradoxical guise when one considers that his poetry has become a major influence on the music of rebel composer Mikis Theodorakis.) Seferis' genius rested in his ability to capture in simple but moving images a suffering Greece. Most important, Seferis did so in a style peculiarly Greek, here translated by Athan Anagnostopoulos—steeped in classical imagery, fostered by the experiences of the Greek people.

Seferis is difficult for historians to evaluate because he expresses intense emotion without a sophisticated understanding of events. Only in passing—usually slighting references—does Seferis' journal mention the politicians and politics of the day. He is either ignorant or naive about the impact of Cold War diplomacy on Greece—particularly the effect of British and American intervention. For Seferis, his sense of the tragic is harnessed to the hope that his poetry will somehow awaken his people to a "Greekness" shattered by present politics. Seferis' hope is more than ever apropos today.

James Goodman

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Tales of Two Cities

San Francisco 1846-1856
by Roger W. Lotchin

(Oxford University Press; $12.50)

Three hundred fifty pages may seem more than you wanted to read about one decade in the early life of a lesser American city. But as Roger Lotchin makes clear in this intelligent, almost shamefully readable book, the first 10 years of San Francisco's American history were the equal of a century in more tranquil and typical towns, and the very velocity of its evolution gives those first 10 years a dramatic interest to anyone concerned with American history, American cities, or—more fundamentally—the American character.

> *Anarchic, mis-sited, miserably planned, full of chaos, hope and greed, oft burnt and oft rebuilt, alternately a source of dispair and extravagant expectations, San Francisco succeeded in a very short time in becoming the wonder of almost all who encountered it.*

When Capt. John Montgomery raised a 28-star American flag in the plaza of Yerba Buena on July 9, 1846, there were perhaps 250 residents in the town—a sleepy Mexican hamlet made up of a few adobe and frame buildings that clustered over a few blocks near the muddy beach. Behind were steep and barren hills; two miles off to the southwest, the Franciscan fathers' 70-year old mission settlement raised crops along a creek.

In 1856, 50,000 San Franciscans spread themselves around and up the now-graded hills. The old harbor had been filled in and was covered with stone and brick warehouses, banks and stores. New piers reached into the bay, where over 1200 ships docked during the year to carry the fourth richest foreign trade among American cities. Even if the gold seemed to be running out, at last, the tons of mountain bullion dug in the past eight years had already been translated into a thriving, aggressive city that could now get along without it. In fact it was already making plans to run its own ocean, and the Western half of its country.

The history of the American West is full of stories of "instant cities," and in some respects Chicago's is even more impressive than San Francisco's. Other cities (Denver, Seattle) sprouted overnight to service gold-seeking hordes. But San Francisco's 20,000 percent rise, based almost entirely on get-rich-quick visions, is still probably unique, and the city that resulted *certainly* is—or was.

That the city got planted at all was the result, Lotchin points out, of a conjunction of "accidents." The gold, after all, was 100 miles inland. But there was no rail or other road from the East, and the new clipper ships were too big to make it upriver to Sacramento. *Some* transshipment point was needed in the bay to service all those miners, and San Francisco—although far from the best possible spot—got picked just because it happened to be there already.

From then on everything about the city's growth was just about as sensible and well planned. Lotchin is rather fond of unplanned urban chaos, and he is decidedly fond of old San Francisco. But the image he constructs of the infant city, chapter by chapter, is much closer to anarchy than to culture. It begins as a sprawling, unhealthy tent-city 2000 miles west of the Western frontier, importing its food from places like China and Chile. The transient population—young, male, multinational—runs in and out, dog eating dog in search of gain. Streets are built on rotting piles into the bay; scores of people fall through them and drown. Inland roads are deep in garbage and mud, but no one has the time or will to fix them. Large areas of the jerry-built town keep burning down. Squatters and speculators fleece the city itself out of its land. The $100,000-a-year sheriff's office is sold to the highest bidder, but policemen and teachers go unpaid, and the City Hall is nearly repossessed.

For all the chaos and corruption, the discomfort and damned hard work, most people who stayed more than a few weeks did get hooked on San Francisco. (They still do.) Even those who just took their gold and ran tended to remember San Francisco of the '40s and '50s with deep affection, and Prof. Lot-

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chin—in one marvelous chapter—helps to explain what it *was* about their urban life that so captivated early San Franciscans.

In some respects the city *was* unique, even after the boom crested, the wives came West, and normalization began. "The city was novel, stimulating, fun, challenging, and freer." From all evidence, it probably was more cosmopolitan, more rootless, certainly more liberated in manners and morals, more open in its love of pleasure than other American cities.

But perhaps the most sobering, in some ways depressing revelation of this book is how quintessentially *American* they were too, these free-spirited '49ers. For the better part of eight years, the city was driven by private selfishness. Everything could be ignored except (or sacrificed to) the supreme goal of getting rich—as the local press admitted: "We are too much a money seeking and money making people."

The "civilizing forces" did finally seem to win out, in the 1856 elections: a leaguing together, as Lotchin reads it, of merchants, churches, morality-crusading wives and one demagogic, muckraking editor. The results weren't too impressive—four lynchings, press harassment, and a lot more reform rhetoric than reform. But what the 1856 "revolution" revealed was that even San Francisco could grow tired of all that freedom, feel (at age 10) a grownup urge toward law and order, and decide the time had come to start behaving like everyone else.

I would have appreciated an occasional reference in the book *beyond* 1856, and the boundaries of San Francisco; and I think that Lotchin slights domains like religion, education, ideas and domestic life—perhaps because he depends so much on the many Gold Rush era newspapers for his data, and such areas rarely produce what passes for "news."

But otherwise, I can't praise his book highly enough. Each aspect he deals with—economics, politics, property, institutions—is thoroughly researched; the full story is then built up, layer upon layer, until one gradually comes to *feel* the vitality and substance of this raw and hectic young city. He yields neither to Golden Gate school romanticism (lusty madams and tong wars), nor to the joyless kind of radical revisionism that castigates 1850 for not sharing the liberal sentiments of 1974. In fact his ethical sense is as civilized as his style. In the very best pages of the book—realistic reevaluations of anti-Chinese feeling, political corruption, the 1856 "revolution"—the one works very persuasively in the service of the other:

> *. . . after a do-nothing policy of eight years, the independents and good citizens piously turned to revolution with the lame justification that all legal means of protest had been used up. A higher law covered the community now, they said; and to this statute the "good citizens" appealed. Yet violence was not the last resort; it was simply the most convenient and the easiest. Democracy had not really failed; it had not been tried. The worst enemies of democracy in San Francisco were the people.*

David Littlejohn

DAVID LITTLEJOHN *teaches in the department of journalism at the University of California, Berkeley.*

About Paterson by Christopher Norwood

(Saturday Review Press/E. P. Dutton; $7.95)

Alexander Hamilton emerges as the villain of this book, the begetter of the major woes of American cities. It was Hamilton who invited the robber barons into city life, setting the precedent for urban plunder that has persisted into our own time; and he did it right in Paterson, New Jersey.

The villainy could be thought of as inadvertent if it were not so deeply ingrained in American economic theory and practice. All Hamilton did was to propose, and seek funds for, what we would now call an industrial park. He called it a "national manufactory"; he conceived of it as a way of stimulating the industrialization of this young country, making it competitive with England and France. He proposed that it be established beside the great waterfall that now graces the west edge of the city of Paterson, since the falls would be an unlimited source of power. It was a smart idea. The only flaw in it was that the manufactory was conceived only as a manufactory, not as a place for human habitation.

Author Christopher Norwood does not find it significant that Congress turned down Hamilton's request for funds for the project. Hamilton, who was then Secretary of the Treasury, went out and procured private funds instead, but the result would have been the same with public funds, thinks Norwood, since Hamilton was ideologically committed to turning the project over completely to private interests anyway. "He believed that the only way the government could fulfill its duty of guarding the country from tyranny was by winning the cooperation of its most powerful citizens. It followed that the only way of satisfying the powerful was to make the government's policies vital to their well-being." Sound familiar? So Hamilton raised the money and immediately turned it over to a crooked speculator who was a friend of his. The man's name was William Deur. Deur was known for serving 15 kinds of wine at dinner. He made a financial bubble of Paterson and the bubble burst four years later, helping to start America's first depression in 1796. Score one for Hamilton.

In that depression the population of Paterson, which was not yet called Paterson, dropped from 500 to 43; but new financing was found, the manufactory began again, and with the War of 1812 Paterson became a boom city. It stayed a boom city, with occasional setbacks, throughout the 19th century. Its manufactures came to include everything from submarines, locomotives and revolvers to textiles. It was big business. But even in its best days it was rudderless as a community; the industrialists and financiers who ran it conceived of it as "a money-making machine, much as Hamilton established it," and they simply would not accept civic responsibilities. The attitude of the man who ran the locomotive works was characteristic. His name was Jacob Rogers; he "declined to donate a small tract of land to a city hospital" and explained his decision by saying "I don't owe anything to Paterson."

And so Paterson became a sort of model of the American Way. For the first quarter of its history it had no local government whatsoever, and when it did finally achieve government the government was wholly beholden to the tycoons. The tycoons for example had "exclusive domain over the Passaic River or, in effect, drainage rights to almost the entire water supply of North Jersey"; they made the Passaic one of the world's dirtiest rivers and then did what they could to keep the

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state of New Jersey from cleaning it up. (A sewage system was finally built in the 1920s.)

Such civic irresponsibility is endemic in our country, says Norwood, and it is what has given our cities their "outcast status," a status unmatched anywhere else in the world. Most of Norwood's book is devoted to the latter years of the Paterson debacle, and particularly the years of urban furor in the late '60s when the spirit of reform was abroad in the land and Paterson, like other cities, made gestures toward reconstruction; but the message beaming out of Paterson even as late as 1970 has been mostly the same old message: all the forces of self-aggrandizement that inexorably gather in the name of individualism and freedom are still in the saddle; substantive civic reform is still steadily blocked to save private hides.

Norwood praises the intentions of reformist Mayor Kramer who took over in the late '60s but suggests that by 1970 his reform programs had run out of steam. The current spiritual condition of Paterson—unless something has happened there in the last few years that the book does not record—would seem to be caught by the Paterson poet Allen Ginsberg in these words quoted by Norwood:

> *In a city the size of Paterson there are maybe 150 people who really know what's going on. They're the ones who are involved in it or who have access to the gossip. As for everyone else, their basic civic relations are cut off. The reality is just the opposite of what the politicians tell them or what the newspapers say. The result is complete mythification of the public consciousness. In the end, people are walking around in the midst of a clearly defined hell. But they can't put their fingers on its causes or structure. Finally they just decide that life itself is hell.*

Some of the book's journalism about elections in Paterson in the late '60s now has a dated flavor, but the earlier history, well documented, makes steadily lively reading.

Reed Whittemore

REED WHITTEMORE *is at work on a biography of Paterson, New Jersey's most renowned citizen, William Carlos Williams.*

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Fiction from Abroad

Laughable Loves

Life Is Elsewhere by Milan Kundera

(Knopf; $6.95 each)

The critic Jan Kott tells us that in Poland in 1956 even a production of *Hamlet* seemed to have political overtones. The many scenes of eavesdropping and dissimulation, the depiction of the subtler forms of political terror, had an all-too-familiar ring to Polish audiences well acquainted with Stalinist oppression. Politicized art is not a new phenomenon, certainly not in Eastern Europe where it has so often degenerated into crude propaganda. It takes a writer of Milan Kundera's caliber and integrity to show that the relationship between art and politics is far more intricate than dogmatic party hacks would make one believe.

Laughable Loves, a group of delicate studies of the absurd erotic games people play, *was* deemed publishable in Kundera's native Czechoslovakia, while *Life Is Elsewhere*, a novel depicting a private tragedy against a broad historical-political background, was not, which only goes to show that fiction dealing with a highly subjective, atypical, even bizarre reality is still considered less dangerous in an authoritarian society than the *wrong* kind of political novel. Of course even the stories contained in *Laughable Loves* seem apolitical only on the surface. In many of them, sexual experimentations and strategies become metaphors for personal and political freedom. For example in "Symposium," a labyrinthine account of the interaction between a voluptuous though insecure nurse and her would-be seducers, a character says that he has decided, out of sheer caprice, *not* to go to bed with the nurse. "If there had been a reason, it would have been possible to determine my action in advance. Precisely in this groundlessness is a tiny scrap of freedom granted us, for which we must untiringly reach out, so that in this world of iron laws there should remain a little human disorder." And in a story called "The Golden Apple of Eternal Desire," even the protagonist's seemingly harmless hobby of keeping a file on candidates for future amorous adventures—he carefully "registers" promising "contacts" in his notebook—appears to reflect the political climate of a country whose government for years kept confidential files on just about everyone, and where surveillance was a fact of daily life.

The ambiguity of individual identity is a major theme in these stories. The players of amorous games slip into roles with great ease; one Pirandellian disguise follows another, and we are again subtly reminded that a society that has produced millions of "instant" Communists actually encourages pretense and hypocrisy. The young hero of the story "Edward and God" pretends to be religious because he is interested in a devout girl. After a running battle with his superiors (who don't understand how anyone can believe in God "in this day and age") and the girl herself, whose religiosity turns out to be skin-deep, the young man finds himself yearning for a God he knows does not exist. He realizes too that if he wants to retain his sanity he must remain dishonest. Role playing can also be disastrous. In "The Hitchhiking Game," which is easily the best story in the collection, a game of make-believe leads to frightening chaos. A young man and his girlfriend, on a vacation trip, begin to pretend that she is a hitchhiker. For a while they are both titillated by the erotic possibilities of the game, but before long it gets out of hand: the playful pretense liberates the girl's repressed sensuality but at the same time imprisons her in a role that neither of them can really cope with. "I am me, I am me," she keeps repeating desperately at the end, and the young man can barely bring himself to console her.

Politics—sexual politics, to be precise—becomes an even more conspicuous feature of Kundera's novel, *Life Is Elsewhere*, although it would be an oversimplification to label the work a political novel. (It could just as easily be called a novel of education or an artist novel.) The protagonist, Jaromil, is a poet—a mediocre one, we should quickly add—who is thought to be a genius only by his mother who loves him passionately, possessively, and by Communist propagandists who find his facile verses ideally suited for agit-prop purposes. We follow Jaromil's life from his conception—on a romantic Prague park bench, his mother liked to think—in the early '30s to his untimely death in the '50s; and we also witness the historical upheavals of these two decades as they affect Jaromil and his family. Fortunately Kundera resists the temptation of fashioning a glib satire out of his story. For one thing, the theme of "momism," not an unfamiliar one to American readers, is treated with finesse and humor. Kundera has considerable compassion for "Maman" and he obviously couldn't care less about Freud. During her pregnancy Jaromil's mother noted ecstatically that her body "was touching another body along an interior, invisible surface"; and later she came to the realization that "in a manner of speaking, the two of them—mother and son—were like two connected vessels through which flowed the same humors." But Jaromil, this spoiled, egocentric, foolish, though not altogether insensitive or contemptible boy, is trying frantically to break loose; in a way he too is a familiar figure—his obsession with sex, his struggles against Maman, against her stifling, guilt-producing love, almost make him a kind of Middle European Alex Portnoy. (It is not at all surprising that Philip Roth, who wrote an introduction to *Laughable Loves*, should be attracted to Kundera's fiction.) Of course after a Roth or an Updike, Kundera's language, his sexual imagery, strike one as curiously tame, even quaint (an erection is described as "the semaphore of excitement"), yet one can't help feeling that instead of an adolescent preoccupation with sex, what we get here is a mature understanding of eroticism—Jaromil, the author tells us, "didn't long for the nudity of a girl's body; he longed for a girlish face illumined by the nudity of her body."

Kundera is brutal in exposing Jaromil's mediocrity and crass opportunism, but he also has his anti-hero express some rather profound ideas about revolution and revolutionary art. With a tenderness that mocks his own irony, Kundera suggests that propaganda literature can also be deeply felt, and that the Stalinist period in Czechoslovakia "was not only

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a terrible epoch, but a lyrical one as well: It was ruled by the hangman, but by the poet too." Jaromil's desire to be recognized as a poet is of course sexually motivated; behind his yearning for fame and power lies a desperate need to assert his masculinity. (The real meaning of "Marx's famous dictum about the leap from prehistory to history" hits Jaromil when he makes love to a woman for the first time; and only when he coolly betrays a friend to a member of the secret police, who is also an old school chum, does he have the feeling of "truly facing his former schoolmate as one tough-minded adult faces another, equal to equal, man to man.") But here again, the hackneyed motifs of sexual frustration and compensation are subtly refined. Jaromil, for all his weaknesses, is also a romantic, tragic hero of sorts; he does indeed believe that "life is elsewhere," in a supramundane realm where everything —art, sex, politics—exists in its purest form.

Kundera's fiction does not always make for absorbing reading; the plot meanders, many characters don't come alive, the mock-serious, fussily bureaucratic tone becomes tiresome. But Kundera insists on this style, on his dizzying juxtapositions and digressions. Like some of the great Czech filmmakers who emerged in the '60s, he is uncompromising in his adherence to a highly personal artistic vision. Luckily, the translators—Suzanne Rappaport and Peter Kussi—have rendered his idiosyncratic prose into admirably fluent English.

As we said, these two works, though intensely political, also transcend politics, just as Kundera's previous novel, *The Joke*, was much more than what its American publisher claimed it to be: an exposé of "the brutal regime in Czechoslovakia today." Nevertheless, in reading Kundera's fiction an understanding of time and place is crucial. "How sweet it would be to forget History," says the author wistfully in *Life Is Elsewhere*. He can't, and that in a way is what these two books are about.

Ivan Sanders

IVAN SANDERS *teaches English at Suffolk Community College, Long Island, and is a contributor to* Books Abroad.

Coming

John Callahan reconsiders the works of Alice Walker

Two Poets

Presentation Piece by Marilyn Hacker

(Viking; $2.95)

1933 by Philip Levine

(Atheneum; $3.95 paper)

Presentation Piece won the 1973 Lamont Poetry Prize (the best first book by an American poet), and it's a very good book, stronger and more mature in its way than another first book, *Cruelty* by Ai, that is getting much more publicity.

The American poetry scene is so large and diffuse that it's hard, perhaps impossible, to generalize about it. But there does seem to be a resurgence of interest in tight, formal poetry and Marilyn Hacker's poems show the rich possibilities inherent in structure; her book is filled with sonnets, sestinas (61), villanelles, blank verse, even heroic couplets (but with a distinctly modern tone). She writes in "The Navigators":

Two bulldykes teased an acrid teenage whore
pinioned with dexies to the lobby door
and wondered if distinction could be made
among us; who was trick and who was trade.

The poems are personal, intense, often oblique and sliding toward the surreal; these last, though sometimes interesting, are the least successful, hardest to get at. "Presentation Piece," for example:

A gold skewer
pierces and joins his hands; the handle
is a five-leafed rose. Let me live
in your mouth; I know a place
where the earlobe is imperfectly joined to the skull.
At sunrise
we can look across the wasted sea for miles.

But the book is filled with poems not only strongly realized but which say something about and to the human condition. "The Navigators" is a fine long poem about the complicated, sexual relationship of three people. "The Dark Twin," "Exiles," "She Bitches about Boys," "Imaginary Translations" and "Elegy for Janis Joplin" are poems with deep feelings controlled and directed by technical skill and wit reminiscent of Howard Nemerov's poems. I suppose it is still fashionable to think that intellect and wit are somehow incompatible with deeply felt poetry—one can't be romantic and ironic at the same time—but *Presentation Piece* encourages me to think that the fashion may be changing.

Philip Levine's sixth book, *1933*, is filled with persons and images from his past: his grandparents, parents, uncles; black Packards, knickers, Roosevelt, World War II; his childhood, first loves. Because he looks "in the corners of things" his poems are grounded simply on simple observations that somehow expand into tantalizing ambiguities:

The last warehouse closes down
banging its iron lids
from the sagging pipes a river begins
running over the paws of mice
my mother dreams: her shiny purse
is empty at last
she goes to the open window
and laughs

Levine is not a flashy poet (like, for example, Diane Wakoski) and these poems are even "quieter" than those in *They Feed the Lion*, his previous book (1972). But his dark vision, which picks out mostly unpretty, visceral images, has remained constant: "the scattered intestines of purses," "great tubs of fat," "thumb prints/on an oily knife," "the cold meats of the deep," "the rich harvest/of the alleys," "the rats/frozen under the conveyors," etc.

One new element is a certain nostalgia, natural in poems looking backward:

In May, like this May, long ago
my tiny Russian Grandpa—the bottle king—
cupped a stained hand under my chin
and ran his comb through my golden hair.

Although Levine tends to look on nature as an antagonist, and his memories tend to be memories of loss, and the "air crackles" with the anger of the dead, these poems have a stoical strength based on the existence of love. His short two- and three-beat lines heavy with

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nouns and verbs support a nonsentimental view of life that gives value to the smallest, least elegant, action:

I see the Angel of Death
lean from his cab
and spit blood. I go
into the day, my hands
behind my back, all
the secrets of life out
on the counters among
the jades and zircons.
The afternoon wrinkles.
Next door the widow
in a new kimono, her blue
veined ankles bare,
carries out the garbage.

Briefly noted: I've read two other recent books of poems that are well worth reading: Diane Wakoski's *Trilogy* (Doubleday; $6.95), a reissue of her first three books that I feel includes her best writing, stronger than the later *Greed* or *The Magellanic Clouds;* and Josephine Jacobsen's *The Shade Seller: New & Selected Poems* (Doubleday; $5.95), in which are included generally the best poems from her previous four books, and about 40 new poems that sustain the wryly gentle force of her earlier work.

Peter Meinke

PETER MEINKE *is a poet and critic who teaches at Eckerd College in Florida.*

Mild Man in Borneo

In Search of the Red Ape
by John MacKinnon

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $8.95)

Animal study has come a long way since 1876 when William T. Hornaday set out for the East Indies "to shoot, preserve, care for and pack up" specimens for Prof. Ward's natural science establishment in Rochester. When John MacKinnon went to study the orangutan in the Ulu Segama Reserve in Sabah (North Borneo) in 1968, he did not even carry a gun. A young zoologist from Oxford who had done his field work initiate with Jane Goodall and Hugo van Lawick among the chimpanzees at the Gombe Stream Reserve in Tanzania, MacKinnon spent two extended periods in Sabah—five months in 1968 and a year in 1969-70—and another in Sumatra in 1971 in solitary observation (approximating the method that had proved so effective for George B. Schaller in his study of the mountain gorilla).

Now MacKinnon recounts his adventures in the rain forests of Borneo and Sumatra in a book presumably designed for the non-specialist, the armchair naturalist, and it is clear that the 90-odd years since Hornaday set sail have done less to the genre of jungle writing than it has to the study of natural science. *In Search of the Red Ape* is clearly a descendant of Hornaday's *Two Years in the Jungle* (1886), both in its lack of structure and its rhetorical sins. There are echoes—MacKinnon, like Hornaday, watching an orangutan brachiate, is reminded of a gymnast in action—and spiritual throwbacks, as in MacKinnon's account of the pig-sticking hunt in which he and his men spear swimming wild pigs from a boat. "As night fell we drifted home," writes MacKinnon, "well pleased with our evening's work," and there is a *macho* strut in the words that recalls Hornaday's "Three orang-utans in one day! The men hurrahed loud and long." On the positive side the two books share a love of the jungle, a fascination with animal life and, although it is only occasionally explicit, a suspicion of and distaste for what, for lack of a better phrase, we call the civilized world. I confess that Hornaday's book is a great deal more interesting to me than MacKinnon's, partly for what it reflects about the 19th century, but in larger part because MacKinnon's writing seems to contradict the scientific intentions that took him to Borneo.

I do not mean to suggest that MacKinnon was directly influenced by Hornaday. There is no evidence that he even knows the man and his work although other students of the orangutan—Schaller, Barbara and Tom Harrisson—certainly do. MacKinnon's models are nearer home. When he metaphorically bites his lower lip and vows, "Somehow I would find these elusive beasts in their own awful terrain and learn their secrets," he suggests the gushily expectant Jane Goodall of *My Friends, the Wild Chimpanzees,* and even more, the television specials. When, somewhat abruptly, he declares, "I wondered if I wasn't becoming half a *Mawas* myself," I suspect that he is remembering *The Year of the Gorilla,* in which Schaller's identification with his subject is central to a much more solid book than *In Search of the Red Ape.* Finally however, MacKinnon's writing problems are his own. It may be that he simply overwrites on the assumption that a general audience needs to be teased into attention, but his word choices suggest things about him, hidden in his more scientific writing, that cast suspicion on him as a professional observer. When he stops in Singapore to "absorb some of the oriental atmosphere" and later, in Borneo, rides "a jaunty colourful bus, packed tight with grinning brown natives and squawking chickens," he sounds like everyone's idea of the impossible tourist. I distrust a zoologist who sees bats as "unholy beasts" and who uses *obscene* to describe the "nasal honkings" of the proboscis monkey; that is an extension of the mentality that invented all those orangutan myths MacKinnon presumably wishes to dispel. When he writes about sex (or as he would call it, "bouts of wild abandon"), MacKinnon is so nauseously coy that his data seem to be blushing. One example among too many: "The young lady's bashfulness seemed to stir Tom to further displays of ardour and he paused in his pursuit to show her what he was made of." Snips and snails and puppy-dog tails, one supposes, but MacKinnon, who had hoped this was "the start of a beautiful relationship," sadly reports that "Tom's shy girl-friend had given him the slip."

Readers who are more interested in animals than in the personal lives of their observers know that it is more rewarding to read the scientific reports of zoologists than their popular books. *The Mountain Gorilla,* in this context, is superior to *The Year of the Gorilla,* and Goodall's contribution to *Animal Behaviour Monographs* (1968) is much better than *My Friends, the Wild Chimpanzees.* Thus MacKinnon's report on his research in Borneo, in *Oryx* (September 1971), tells us much more—or at least much more clearly—about his

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orangutan data than *Red Ape* does, even though the book covers the Sumatra expedition as well. In fact unlike the popular books of Schaller and Goodall, MacKinnon's book reports on the orangutan in such a fragmentary way and so buries the information in fancy writing and apparent contradiction that one comes away from *Red Ape* more confused than enlightened. Only occasionally, as in the description of a number of orangutans being harassed out of a tree by a group of siamangs, is there graphic illustration that strengthens a generalization about the orangs—in this case, their nonaggressive qualities. That blighted romance described in the paragraph above is more characteristic of the book. MacKinnon never seems to notice that it may support the general assumptions about orangutan sexual behavior, that male and female orangs pair briefly, for reproduction, not in living arrangements—as David Horr, the only observer other than MacKinnon to spend an extended period among the orangs, suggests in the paper he presented to the American Association of Physical Anthropologists in April 1972. MacKinnon argues for "stable consortships" although most of his sightings seem to uphold the traditionally accepted groupings—single male, female plus dependent infants or juveniles. He also, contrary to accepted assumptions, suspects that all the orangs in a single range are "members of dispersed, loosely banded groups with the calling males acting as group leaders." I am quite willing to be persuaded, but on the next page his discussion of the call of the male as a kind of sexual repellent suggests leadership in only the most negative sense. MacKinnon seems to have settled opinions about the social organization and the sexual behavior of the orangutan, some of which contradict Horr, but it will take a more concentrated presentation of data and a more convincing discussion of their implications than *In Search of the Red Ape*—or even the *Oryx* article—to resolve the difficulties implicit in the material.

But then *Red Ape* is not for the primate specialist. It is for the jungle buff—if he is willing to put up with a crippling style. The book is lavishly illustrated, but I read it in unillustrated page proof and cannot comment on the quality of the photographs.

Gerald Weales

GERALD WEALES *teaches English at the University of Pennsylvania and is the author of* Clifford Odets *(Pegasus).*

Someone Listening

Black Children White Dreams by Thomas J. Cottle

(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

It used to be a truism of sorts that children should be seen and not heard. If Americans have made any progress in childrearing since those days it has been in recognizing the child's *right* to be heard. There is talk about children's liberation nowadays, but, unfortunately, most of it is still talk.

It was the child of the middle and upper classes whose voice was heard best in our land. The urban poor spoke little to those who held power, and their children even less. Thomas J. Cottle, sociologist and psychotherapist, went into the black ghettos of Boston and spoke with children. *Black Children White Dreams* gives us the chance to see into the minds and hearts of two young black children from Roxbury, Mass. The results of that look are shattering.

William D. Williams and Adrien Keller (the children's names have been changed, and for once the cliché "to protect the innocent" does not seem hackneyed) talked with Tom Cottle at least once a week over a period of years, about what he calls "politics"—actually much that touches the lives of the children of poverty is often political—and the occasion around which this book revolves is a political one: the US elections of 1972. They spoke of the day-to-day events surging about them; they made an effort to formulate an overall view of things. Cottle and Adrien discussed the abortion issue, moving from the general to the specific and back again; from the abortion controversy current in Boston at the time to the specific ramifications of the illegitimate pregnancy of one of Adrien's schoolmates, to an examination of whether laws really protect or harm the people they are designed to aid:

"Here's the way I feel about it," Adrien resumed. "Sure, a person's religion plays an important part, and so does what their family thinks. But there are just some things that people need the government for, even when the government isn't that fair, which is a lot of the time. See, if they don't make any laws, then we're going to be in lots of trouble. Rich families don't need to have a lot of laws. They'll do what they have to do anyway. But poor people. . . ." She looked embarrassed suddenly, fearing that I should see her family as being poor.

". . . If we don't have laws to protect us," she was saying, "then we don't really have very much. Like at school. If there's a law that says we have to be given hot food with our lunches, then they have to give it to us whether they like to or not, cause the law says they have to."

"But aren't there times, Adrien, when the law says they have to but they still don't give what they promised?"

"I guess so," she answered quietly. "I guess that's right."

Adrien continued to look puzzled. She stared at me before speaking again.

"I guess I want laws to make a difference but I know that they don't. Or else, it takes so long for them to . . . to . . ."

"Institute them?" I offered.

"Yeah. Make them come true. I think kids want to believe in the law, and the government too. We keep going back to it. I mean, nobody I know

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really questions it that seriously. Nobody's really ever going to be able to change it. Lots of kids will say we have to be represented in it. Even if we don't have the vote, we have to have our say. But I worry whether we would help in the right way. Do you know what I mean?"

While politics appears to be the framework for the book, what surfaces are the voices and thoughts of these children—raw, innocent, probing and wise. In this most moving and human document Cottle gives us a glimpse past a previously impenetrable wall into the heads of two intelligent, very much alive and not particularly atypical members of the a) human and b) non-Caucasian race.

Early in the book William D's mother says she believes in the importance of her son's having Cottle to talk to, to communicate with. But she also tells him that he must let William D. and Adrien teach *him*, let himself be changed by *them*, so that some real understanding may come:

You get to know our family, we get to know you and your family. That they aren't equal, well, that's what we're all going to have to live with. Maybe together we'll change it. But right now it matters to William D., and Adrien Keller too, that you come. So keep coming. Only don't you try to teach them lots of things. Let them be teaching you. If that goes along with the kind of research you're doing, I can approve. Let them teach you, and let them, kind of, change you. That part of it may be even more important. There has to be change, and it only comes when someone's listening. So this time, you do the listening. Don't you go lecturing them.

He took her advice, and did more: he wrote a book full of the teachings of William D. Williams and Adrien Keller, so that people could understand what they know and feel, wish for and dream.

William D. and Adrien talked, argued, fantasized and cried. Their words and the words of the mothers and friends and relatives have the same power to touch and enlighten us that the words of some of our great writers, poets and playwrights do. It will be a very tough person indeed who can read straight through the book without being shaken emotionally as well as intellectually. And for many their conceptions of poor black children will never be the same.

And now I hear a voice from the back of the auditorium say "Yes, but. . . ." Yes but these are exceptional children. Yes but these two children are not representative of all children who live in ghettos. Yes but why didn't he write about many different children, and in less personal terms? Why was he so deeply on their side? Well the answers Cottle gives to these questions are so simple that they can dissolve any "yes buts" you can throw at him: he did it this way because these two children are exceptional only in the sense that all children are exceptional; because they never once claimed to speak for anyone other than themselves; because William D. and Adrien happened to be more articulate than some of the other, equally interesting and important children Cottle spoke with over the same period; because he was personally involved with them—he loved them—and because if he couldn't himself "save" them he could, through presenting their unvarnished thoughts to the world, make other people listen to the voices of children who *matter*.

I am in favor of Dr. Cottle's approach. I believe that children matter, that whether or not one agrees with opinions—and there are many opinions expressed in this book that may well shock and offend the general reader—opinions deserve to be heard. More, I know that what the children of poverty have to say can, if heard, make some mark on this world. I know because I and other members of my generation were children of poverty who had a chance to speak—and that chance made all the difference. There should be more Tom Cottles around.

Ezra Jack Keats

EZRA JACK KEATS *is an author and illustrator of children's books, the latest of which is* Dreams *(Macmillan).*

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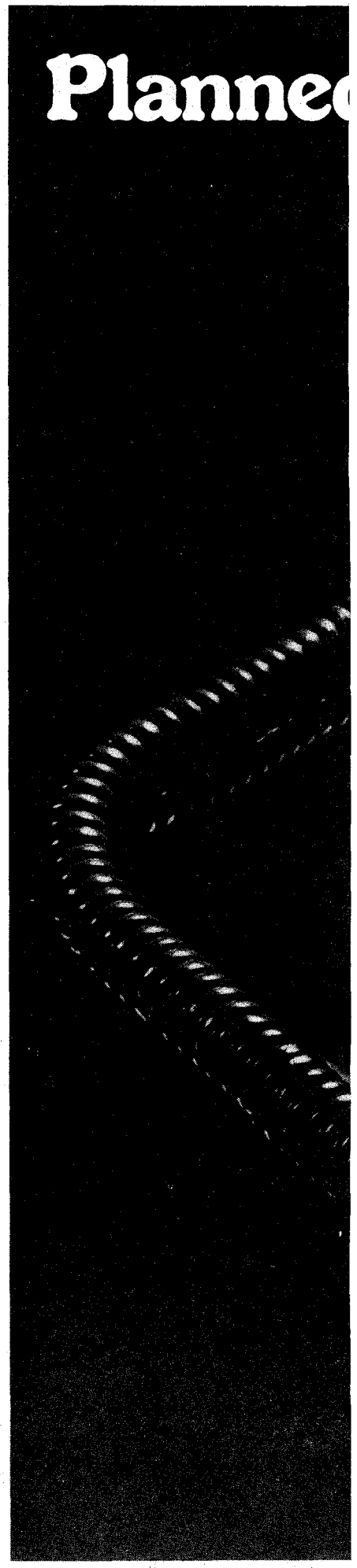
Violence, Beauvoir, etc.



Doris Grumbach

At MacDowell Colony last month I did two kinds of reading: books by my fellow colonists, and books I saved, as everyone does from the overflow of winter and spring books, for summer reading.

The leftovers: the subject of violence appeared in two worthwhile books. The first, by John Fraser, **Violence in the Arts** (Cambridge University Press; $5.95) is both scholarly and extraordinarily interesting. Fraser has a deep well of reference—the movies, fiction, thrillers, drama, sociological writing, poetry, for his study of our attitudes toward violence in art. He writes with clarity about why we delight in such violence, why we side with some violent persons and not with others, why there is really no such thing as "mindless" violence. Indeed "violence, far from being mindless, is usually the cutting edge of ideas and ideologies." His careful analysis of precisely what the operative elements are in horror movies, for example, make the book of greater interest than a mere tongue-clucking, which so often in movie reviews passes for criticism. The notes to this small (162 pages of text) book are a mine of information, extended references to further bibliography. For once it is possible to quote an accurate publisher's blurb: "all future discussions of the subject will need to take the book into account . . . ."

Frontier Violence—Another Look by W. Eugene Hollon (Oxford University Press; $7.95) is a general study of the wide disparity between the popular view of what happened in the West and what actually did. It deals factually with the widespread misapprehension that there was more violence on the frontier than in settled American cities—not so, he shows, and Frederick Jackson Turner's hypothesis that "our frontiers were the most potent force in moulding the character of the American people"—again, not so. He says that "the proclivity for violence in the American character was well developed" in Puritan times and immediately afterward. Evidence shows that we have romanticized as well as exaggerated the violence of the frontier, and sometimes misapplied this wrong view. Hollon quotes the *Report to the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence* as saying that "Americans have always been given to a kind of historical amnesia that makes much of their turbulent past as well as [given to]" a magnified "process of selective recollection." Hollon tries to correct that recollection. He appends to its argument what is probably the best and most complete bibliography on the subject ever gathered—28 pages of books and articles are listed.

My disappointment with Simone de Beauvoir's fifth and last volume of autobiography, **All Said and Done** (Putnam; $10) is very great. She is, of course, a serious writer who has usually written important and serious things (*The Coming of Age, The Second Sex*, etc.) but who now has very little new left to say. Perhaps she was acknowledging this truth when she writes in this book, "Today both my life and my work are accomplished," but nonetheless she goes on and on and on about her journeys, her politics, her views of the state of countries she visits, and her own country, and her books and reconsiderations of their points of view. She tends to use the imperial "we" when describing these things, which of course means her and Sartre, but which comes dangerously close to sounding royal and papal. Of the USSR: "We were profoundly bored." Of Sholokhov: "We did not like him at all," "We found little to interest us in Tartu," and much, much more of the same. She has always been a writer who writes too much and in this respect the new book does not disappoint us. Her interminable description of the geriatrical story of Sartre's mother's life illustrates both her indiscriminate inclusion of detail and her curious sense that everything of interest to her will be of interest to us, including all the stops on every journey, every opinion of films and plays she has seen, every book she wishes to discuss.

The interesting part of this book comes in the final seven of the long 463 pages. Here she reexamines her important feminist views with an eye to changing some of her opinions

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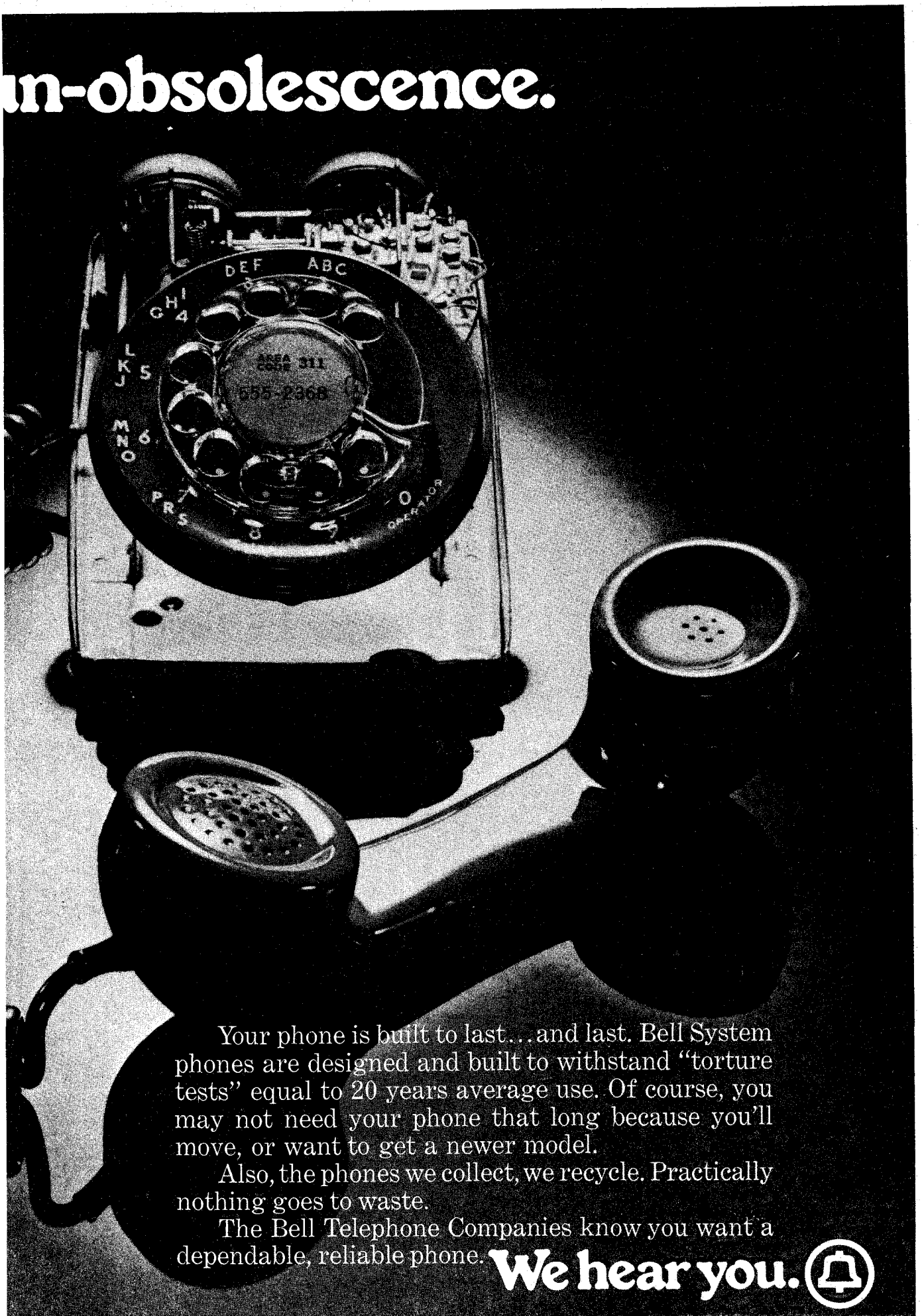
n-obsolescence.



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in *The Second Sex*. The last paragraphs on her atheism are cogent and convincing. When she writes this way no one speaks more forcefully than does Beauvoir. But for the rest, it is long-winded, self-congratulatory, repetitious and pompous. Too bad.

The books by others at MacDowell Colony I shall deal with next week, but I can't resist recommending one of them now to you, a small collection of **Life Sentences for Everybody** by Jerre Mangione (Abelard-Schuman, 1965). Mangione struck on the idea of writing whole novels in a single sentence. The result is some fine ideas for extended fiction, and some complex, witty sentences. Sample: SUSAN EGG: "Yield!"/ the road sign commanded,/ and Susan Egg, in/ the back seat,/ dutifully complied—/ with the result that/ nine months later,/ on advice of counsel,/ she filed/ a paternity suit/ against the State/ Highway Commission."

This will probably interest almost no one but myself—and the author of the book. I read Alison Lurie's 1969 novel description of life at an artist's colony named *Illyria*, and seemingly about not MacDowell but Yaddo at Saratoga Springs, NY. The book was called **Real People.** Random House published it ($4.95) and it is a rather funny, destructive, and sometimes accurate description of what life is like at a colony, and, to some extent the sort of people and situations one is likely to encounter. The fact that I came upon no such interesting conflicts, such bedding-downs, alliances, revelations about sexual proclivities etc., probably speaks for my absorption in what I was writing, my blindness to what may have been going on, or my age. (Alison Lurie's new book, **The War Between the Tates** (Random House; $6.95), was reviewed a few weeks ago (Aug. 10 & 17) in these pages by John Leonard.)

Miscellaneous Note: Just as I was girding my indignant loins to write about the merger of Simon & Schuster and Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, and to make some distressed remarks about the increasing bigness of publishing combines and small-is-beautiful, the proposed agreement was, last week, called off. Reason given: what S&S would be gaining from the combination turned out not to be quite what it thought it would be.

Correction (?): the new managing editor of *The Antioch Review* writes to correct my remarks about the magazine, and to say that "the death . . . has been exaggerated." Seems that now minus the fired editor, there are plans to survive through an editorial reorganization and a grant from the Ohio Board of Regents for "a practicum in magazine editing and production," which will be shared by Antioch and two Ohio public universities. I confess I'm not sure what a practicum is, or what it has to do with the quality of a literary quarterly, but I am willing to say that, in another form, shape, and with presumably another intent, *The Antioch Review* will rise again.

Omission: in the blurb to Howard Dietz's review of Anita Loos' new book, *Kiss Hollywood Good-by*, we intended to inform our readers of Dietz's recently published autobiography, *Dancing in the Dark* (Quadrangle; $10), and we failed to do so.

Discovered and sent to us by an assiduous librarian at the Library of Congress: there is (or was) a periodical on file there called *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*. Do with *that* whatever you will.

The New York Times (August 16, 1974) reports that at least 12, and probably more, Nixon administration figures are now writing books, most of them autobiographical, with the exception of Charles W. Colson whose work might possibly be "evangelistic." The man whom Richard Nixon acknowledged as responsible for *Six Crises*, Alvin Moscow, is writing a book on *another* subject, the five Rockefeller brothers, but he is now finishing it after a six-year stint, and there is no word from Nixon himself on any literary plans.

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Louis D. Rubin, Jr. on baseball

The really good baseball book is a rare article. Other than Laurence Ritter's *The Glory of Their Times*, which is sole and incomparable, I don't know of six titles that I would admit into that category myself, from all the years I have been peering, absorbing and translating. Surely not many of the "as told to" or "with" collaborations, whereby some baseball writer interviews a baseball star, consults the records and produces an "autobiography" intended to demonstrate that though the ballplayer is a jock he is in his own secret way a sensitive soul.

Screwball
by Tug McGraw and Joseph Durso
(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

Playing Around
by Donald Hall, Gerald F. McCauley, Charles Morgan, Jr., John A. Parrish, M.D., and James T. Wooten
(Sports Illustrated-Little, Brown; $6.95)

The Greatest of All: The 1927 New York Yankees
by John Mosedale
(Dial; $7.95)

The Baseball Encyclopedia
(Macmillan; $17.95)

In this category I would place, for example, a book like *Screwball* by Tug McGraw and Joseph Durso. McGraw, journeyman relief pitcher for the New York Mets, is apparently a thoughtful fellow whose relationship with Durso of *The New York Times* began when he started sending Durso notes and snippets of poems while on road trips—"he'd just picked me out for some one-on-one rapping, and he hoped I didn't mind." Durso not only did not mind, but the outcome was this book in which we get McGraw's story, from sandlot to stardom, from unhappy home to present happiness with good wife, young son and job with Mets, recounted as psychological odyssey in the first person with Durso using McGraw's alleged

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prose style: "Now I was ready to blow my stack. I mean smoke coming out my ears and my jugular vein popping out to there and my face all red and hot. You know the inning should've been over, but wasn't and now I was on the verge of a full-fledged tantrum." In the old days the ghostwriter or "collaborator" would always have his athlete use the best King's English: "I shall ever be grateful to Mr. Mack for the instruction he gave me in the proper procedures for executing the drag bunt," etc. Now we usually encounter the Holden Caulfield approach, as above. I am at a loss to decide which I admire the less.

A different kind of book entirely—a "nonbook," to be exact—is *Playing Around: The Million-Dollar Infield Goes to Florida*, co-authored by a poet, a literary agent, an ACLU official, a physician and a journalist, with introduction by Dock Ellis, a pitcher. Five intellectuals spend a week working out with the Pittsburgh Pirates during spring training with the intention of writing a book about working out with the Pirates during spring training. Except for a portion of Donald Hall's part in which he writes about his ties with his ballplaying father, it is staged, cute and contrived: George Plimpton without the perverse earnestness. The Walter Mitty syndrome of itself is one thing; to reenact the Walter Mitty syndrome is another; and still another and less attractive thing is to exhibit oneself in the reenactment for purposes of comedy.

John Mosedale's account of the 1927 New York Yankees is a book that I can respect a good deal more. Mosedale plays no games, and does not write down. He has sought to recount the 1927 pennant race in which the Yankee club that many have termed the greatest of all ball teams ripped up the rest of the American League and then demolished the Pittsburgh Pirates in the World Series. The central figure, of course, is Babe Ruth, who hit 60 home runs during the regular season and added two more against the Pirates. Supporting players include such worthies as Lou Gehrig, Bob Meusel, Earle Combs, Tony Lazzeri, Herb Pennock and other notables.

In conception the book is a fine enough idea, but there is far too much game-by-game synopsis, with liberal borrowings from contemporary newspaper accounts, and not nearly enough looking back on the part of the surviving team members, and inexplicably there is no statistical record of the team's accomplishments. The whole is not helped by a great deal of irrelevant "that was the year" research whereby we are reminded that "On August 3, Coolidge announced from the Black Hills, 'I do not choose to run in 1928,' " and so on. With one of the best of all potential baseball subjects, the author has produced a routinely competent journalistic job.

By far the best value of all the baseball books this season—unless you already own the first, 1968 edition—is the revision of *The Baseball Encyclopedia*. For the truly obsessive baseball fan such as myself it is worth five times its stiff purchase price.

I stress this because though the revision adds five more years' records to the contents, it has been cruelly trimmed down from its original magnificence. The compilers of the first edition worked with a staff of researchers to compile and computerize the lifetime major league records of everyone who ever played in the big leagues, from 1871 onward. In addition to detailed statistics for each year of the player's career, the book provided the player's full name, nickname, dates and places of birth and death, weight and height, whether lefthanded or righthanded afield and at the plate, and information about injuries and other factors that might explain gaps in the chronological record. It was an incredible compendium; it was *all* there—everything.

Among the most fascinating inclusions in the first edition was a year-by-year listing of the important players on all the major league teams, together with their statistics for that season. If interested in the 1927 Yankees, for example, you could turn to the pages for that year, find out who did most of the playing and what their records were, and compare and contrast the Yankee lineup with other teams of that year and in other years. Alas the revised edition omits this feature; there is no way now to determine the personnel of a team for a given season. Individual player records no longer contain World Series records, and information about career-interrupting injuries has been dropped. Furthermore players who batted less than 25 times, pitched less than 25 innings, or had no won-and-loss records during their career are now merely tabulated with minimum information. You can't find out where such marginal players were born, and so on—and since one of the numerous pleasures of the book for me was looking up the sometimes very brief major league records of players I had once seen in the minor leagues, that is a deprivation. The batting records of most pitchers have also been severely truncated. Agreed that such information is of "relatively minor importance"; the beauty of the original compilation was that it contained everything about everybody. It was all there, available as nowhere else. You would have to be a genuine baseball fanatic to need or to desire such completeness, but why would anyone but such a fanatic want to own a baseball encyclopedia anyway?

Still much remains. To illustrate what a zealot can do with such a book: In the 1930s when I was growing up in Charleston, SC, there were two baseball-playing brothers, men in their 20s or 30s. Both were good; one of them, though beer and gin had befogged his once keen vision, could still line home run shots over the fence at College Park with considerable regularity. The old timers, however, insisted that if anyone thought *they* were good ballplayers, he

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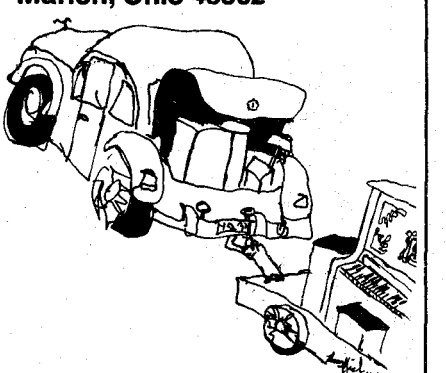

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ought to have seen their father in his prime. *He* had actually played in the big leagues. Well I looked him up in the *Encyclopedia*, and there he was, all right: Thomas Bernard Colcolough, born October 8, 1870, Charleston, SC, died December 10, 1919, Charleston, SC. Pitched three years for the Pirates, 1893-1895, and another for the Giants in 1899. Not a star—won only 15 games all told and lost 11, but a genuine major league baseball player. The old-timers were right.

Another less personal example. During the recent surpassing of Babe Ruth's all-time home run record by Hank Aaron of Atlanta, there was much mention of one Guy Bush, who had served up the pitch that the Babe converted into his last home run in 1935. I got to thinking about Bush, whom I remembered. Just how good a pitcher had he been? I looked him up in the *Encyclopedia*. A very good pitcher indeed; he pitched in the big leagues for 17 years, and was for a long time a top pitcher with the Chicago Cubs, winning 20 games one year. What, though, about that other pitching Bush, Bullet Joe of the Yankees? He too pitched for 17 seasons, from 1912 through 1928, and he won no less than 196 games. From Bush the eye slips over to the record, on the facing page, of Max Butcher, the old Pittsburgh righthander. Pitched for 10 years, and had that one big season in 1941 when he won 17 and lost only 12. Next thing I knew I found myself contemplating the records of Bud Byerly and Tommy Byrne, and the two big league Caldwells, Earl and Ray, and—it is hours later and well past bedtime.

This is what the *Baseball Encyclopedia* can do, if one cares.

And why would anyone want to know *that?* What fantasy world is it, what adult reenactment that could prompt such cerebration? To understand why would involve something like what Quentin Compson tells Shreve McCannon about understanding the South, in *Absalom, Absalom!:* "You would have to be born there." An obsessive, compulsive breed we baseball fans are. But to judge from the number of books prepared for our delectation and possible purchase each spring, there must be a lot of us around.

LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR., *is a lifelong baseball fan who also happens to be professor of American literature at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.*

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Foreign Aid Knots

Sirs:

American chauvinism has slipped into *The New Republic* in Richard Critchfield's conclusion that the transfer of American farm technology to India is the solution to that country's agricultural problems and "must take precedence above all else" ("India: The Lost Years," *TNR*, June 15, 1974).

First, contrary to what Mr. Critchfield would have us believe, there were a few non-Americans associated with the remarkable Indian agricultural progress of the late 1960s. The new high-yielding varieties of wheat, on which this progress was based, were developed in Mexico rather than the United States; and they were adapted by Indian scientists to make them suitable to Indian conditions. The American agricultural technicians whom Mr. Critchfield lauds played an important role in the establishment of India's new agricultural universities, but their direct contribution to the rapid increases in grain production in the late 1960s was limited. While many were competent technically, few were able to escape their cultural blinders adequately to relate effectively to the conditions of Indian village agriculture.

Second, the major Indian foodgrain—the one still awaiting a "green revolution"—is rice. Rice isn't exactly America's greatest area of strength: the United States grows a lot of wheat, corn and many other things, but not much rice.

Third, American aid can be pretty expensive. Indians haven't yet forgotten that the American food aid of the mid-1960s was accompanied by the strong assumption that India would support America's foreign policy objectives in Vietnam. The American government doesn't seem all that much more enlightened now than it was then; and we should hardly be surprised to find Indian government officials wondering "what do the Americans want *this* time?"

Davidson R. Gwatkin
New Delhi

Errata

Sirs:

John Osborne wrote (*TNR*, July 6 & 13, 1974): "Peckarsky remarked in a recent question at the White House that James St. Clair, the President's chief Watergate lawyer, is handling the case as if he were defending 'a common, ordinary criminal.'"

Mr. Osborne is incorrect for two reasons: 1) I asked Gerald Warren, deputy press secretary to Mr. Nixon, to *differentiate* between the tactics being followed by Mr. Nixon and Mr. St. Clair and those that would be used by an "ordinary common criminal fighting a delay action." I did not "remark" anything about Mr. St. Clair's handling of the case. 2) The order of the adjectives modifying "criminal" is reversed. . . .

Peter Peckarsky
Washington, DC

Fueling Airline Costs

Sirs:

Your editorial (*TNR*, July 27 & August 3, 1974) entitled "High-Flying Fares" states that an "independent economic analysis" of Pan Am and TWA indicates that the carriers combined will have increased fuel costs of "about $39 million in 1974."

Pan Am alone for the first six months of 1974 paid $138.9 million for fuel or $66.7 million more than it paid for fuel for the same period last year, an increase of 92.3 percent. Pan Am is estimating that its fuel bill for 1974 will be between $197 million and $218.5 million more than it was during 1973. TWA has publicly stated that its 1974 fuel costs will be approximately $103 million more than for 1973.

Merle W. Richman
Director, Public Relations
Pan American World Airways
Washington, DC

Comment on Universities

Sirs:

Dean Anonymous ("Confessions of an Academic Administrator," *TNR*, July 27 & Aug. 3, 1974) has a rather wise cynicism about administration and about the nature of academic man. However,

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the weary, unhappy tone of his article troubles and angers me, for it is all too symptomatic of too much of the atmosphere in the American university, and it leads, as so often now, to a backlash against the educational reformism of the '60s and to a wish to return to the control and certainty of the '50s, when it was easier to believe in the rightness of the formal classroom and the hierarchical values of predominantly research-oriented universities.

Of course some experimentation is shallow, of course some classroom informality replaces thought and discipline, of course there is some pretentiousness about interdisciplinary study, of course scholarship is desirable, and of course there is value in formal instruction. But it shows poor acquaintance with pedagogical literature and with the varieties of man to imply that informality, egalitarianism and experimentation have not had great effect upon learning, "maturity" and "judgment." To call misuses symptomatic is no more correct or useful than to fault all formal teachers because many of them are dull, domineering and unresponsive to students. It is also wrong to suggest, by saying "an academic institution cannot be all things to all people," that there is not in a university a great range of people, needs, interests, responses and methods to be acknowledged on their own terms and worked with individually. Our universities would be much better places if in the '70s we could learn intelligently to embrace the wider realities recognized by those who thought seriously and originally in the (though not only in the) '60s.

William Alexander
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Stalin Legend

Sirs:

I have three objections to Sidney Hook's review article on recent Stalin biographies (*TNR*, July 20, 1974). He writes that Stalin was originally "a supporter of Kerensky's regime." This is historically false. The Bolshevik Central Committee of which Stalin was a member cannot actually be said to have supported the Russian Provisional Government in the month before Lenin's arrival in Petrograd; its position was that while keeping a suspect eye on the government, the party would not actively oppose it. In any case, Kerensky during that period held only the minor portfolio of Minister of Justice, the outstanding figures in the first Provisional Government having been Milyukov and Guchkov, Ministers, respectively, of Foreign Affairs and of War. By May 1917, when the latter two were ousted and moderate Socialists had entered the government as dominant partners with the Kadets—Kerensky becoming Minister of War—the Bolshevik leaders, including Stalin, were on record as firmly opposed to the "Kerensky regime," although not yet calling for its overthrow.

I further object to Hook's reference to the "marvellous Georgian" in such a way as to suggest that Lenin's remark in a 1913 letter to Gorky was anything more than a reflection of Lenin's need at the moment for a Caucasian—any Caucasian—to perform certain services. Anxious to centralize the party, fractionalized among Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, Russian and national minority Marxists, on the eve of what Lenin thought was an approaching Russian revolution, he particularly needed the kind of help a "loyalist" among the national minority Social Democrats could offer. Hence Stalin's famous pamphlet, attacking "national cultural autonomy" within the party and favoring centralism.

My final objection challenges a basic point of view shared by Hook and too many sentimental admirers of Marx, who refuse to acknowledge the spirit of "voluntarism" within the Marx-Engels scripture. In *The Communist Manifesto*, Marx and Engels asserted that the class war in its final stages would make for a process of dissolution within the ruling class, "a small part of the ruling class" breaking ranks to join with "the revolutionary class which holds the future in its hands." (This same notion is, of course, basic to the conception of the Communist vanguard of the proletariat as described by Marx and Engels in chapter two of the *Manifesto.)* The *Manifesto* continues: "Just as formerly a part of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so at this point a portion of the Bourgeoisie transfers itself to the proletariat; namely a sector of the bourgeois-ideologists [men like Marx and Engels, for instance] who have educated themselves to a theoretical understanding of the entire motion of history." Thus did Marx and Engels indirectly account for their own history-shaping function in writing the *Manifesto*, at the same time clearly distinguishing between leaders and followers.

Neither Marx, it is true, nor Engels went much beyond the phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat," to describe in detail, as Lenin was to do in *State and Revolution*, what form the dictatorship might take. But in that omission itself, it seems to me, lies evidence to suggest that Marx and Engels were tacitly embarrassed about pushing the idea to its logical conclusion; namely that a "dictatorship of the proletariat"—in practice—had to become a dictatorship over the people as a whole.

Stanley W. Page
New York City

In reply:

As the sentence in which I refer to Stalin's (*not* the Bolshevik Central Committee's) "support of Kerensky's regime" indicates, I was simply calling attention to the fact that despite the legend that Stalin spread about himself as Lenin's most faithful disciple, he failed to take Lenin's line with respect to the provisional government. As editor of *Pravda* he knew what Lenin's line was before Lenin's return in April 1917 but edited it out of Lenin's contributions. Trotsky, on the other hand, had independently developed Lenin's line.

My citation of Lenin's phrase about Stalin was innocent of any suggestion except that Lenin once thought very highly of him.

More important than these pedantic irrelevancies is Mr. Page's final objection. Here he is profoundly mistaken. Just as "the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie" which stems, in the Marxist view, from the relations of production, can develop under democratic as well as dictatorial political forms, so "the dictatorship of the proletariat" is compatible both with political democracy or dictatorship. Marx himself believed that "the emancipation of the working classes must be achieved by the working classes themselves," and not by any political elite. The phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" was unfortunate because it was ambiguous and misleading; but there is no evidence that Marx ever identified it with the dictatorship of the party in the Leninist-Stalinist sense. That Marx and Engels distinguish between leaders and followers does not entail in the least that leaders must be dictators. Otherwise all societies would necessarily be dictatorships which is absurb. It would also make the very term "dictatorship" useless.

Sidney Hook

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